

HEADPRESS

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HEADPRESS

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"ONCE IN A WHILE I CANNOT CONTROL MY URGE TO HARM OTHERS"

SEX · RELIGION · DEATH

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EDITORIAL

WHY WE SHOULDN'T EAT HUMAN FLESH

What are we saying — what are we doing here?

A good question. Here's the answer: there is no answer. HEADPRESS represents any number of answers; it is the answer before the question.

When HEADPRESS was but sperm-like, the nearest flicker of an idea, we quite honestly had little idea of just what we wanted it to be. Sure, we had kicked a few ideas around and chewed the fat so to speak, but nothing concrete. Yet, while we may not have had any big idea of what we wanted the magazine to be, we had very definite views on what we didn't want HEADPRESS to be.

When all of this started, you could have found the HEADPRESS team exchanging dumb comments like, "We could have reviews of the same old movies if the review had something genuinely interesting to say." Then we'd pause and say, "We don't want that at all; we don't even want to look at that kind of stuff, let alone pay for it to be printed."

So then we'd go on, "How about you go to a movie and you can't even get in, or you decide not to go because you had a vision or something. Yeah, that's more like it." And that's the kind of bag we're in at HEADPRESS, you see. We'd continue along these lines: "Maybe you do get in but you have to keep moving seats because some joker is trying to feel you up halfway through the movie, or better still, how about not going to the movies at all." Then we'd stop to think, perhaps that's going too far? After all, would there be a market for an esoteric magazine which isn't about movies? And then we had it, "Dunno, but I'd buy it..."

You want to know what the most difficult part in pulling a magazine together is? Having meetings when you're sober. Why? Because, you might start out all bright-eyed and eager, and you might get the first couple of pages down all ready and everything, but then you'll find you can't go any further. Instead, you sit and wonder what's going to go where and fill page three or page four and all those other pages? So what you have to do is forget it — go out grab a beer or two — come back — mix all the features around that you've already got, until you don't know what you've got and it's not in any order, but you've got lots of it — and then you scribble page numbers down and find that yes, you've got enough pages for a magazine.

All of a sudden we found that HEADPRESS had all these pages; it had a cover and a title, and it made no sense. This is great,

we thought, this is HEADPRESS! This is what we wanted, that it should make no sense outside of itself!

HEADPRESS is a crazy sampler of sorts. Even now, we are somewhat hesitant to put the label 'Sex Religion Death' on it. But things have to have labels, and this one sounds about as close as we're going to get to what we want to say... well, as close as we're going to get in three words...

So what is HEADPRESS, and all this 'Sex Religion Death' business? Without putting too fine a point on it, it's kind of like the stuff you see when you pick up a rock and peer underneath. It's all that ooze and the things that live in it. Life after all, is a little similar to ooze, don't you think? It slips along real straight and slow, but every now and then comes to an interesting bit. It's just that one man's interesting bit may be real wet and slimy to another.

Of course there are boundaries and limitations to what HEADPRESS can do and say. We're not kidding ourselves that there are no limits, we know limits exist, if they didn't then this magazine wouldn't exist: if there were really no limits, HEADPRESS would be out there rocking, mauling, killing and raping (quite possibly all at once), it wouldn't have time for writing or compiling or sitting on a bookshelf somewhere discussing it. No, limits do exist, but as they stand they are pretty flaky and kind of wane-gable, is they bend under pressure.

HEADPRESS want to show more because there is more to be seen; we want to say more because there is more to be said. Not only are we all limited by decree, but, more importantly, we are also limits to ourselves.

What it's all about then, is this: there is more to life than that which appears to be going on, take a look around — it looks kinda funny don't it? But it's life nonetheless, and if you choose to ignore it, you're going to wake up to the same old washed-out shit everyday for the rest of your life. The same old books, the same old ideas, the same old thing. So, why not embrace life like you do your images of death (for these are certainly scary, and frightening, and wonderful); not everything is what it might seem — or what you might expect — or what you have been told. It really doesn't take that much to change anything.

Why shouldn't we eat human flesh?

David Kerekes.



MR. PUNCH : SEX-KILLER PUPPET

DAVID SLATER.

Are the bizarre and violent antics of the timeless Punch and Judy shows really suitable for children? Is the grotesque character as harmless as Rupert the Bear or Peter Pan or is he a homicidal, misogynistic, phallic caricature more akin to Gilles de Rais?

In essence the basic story line could have been conceived by no less a devil than de Sade. Various murders, including infanticide, numerous sexual innuendos and a final satanic twist are intrinsic elements in this stylized tale of a lecherous assassin.

The first recorded script was penned in 1827, although the origins of the story pre-date this by centuries, and it derived from Giovanni Piccolini's show which he toured around the London streets. Over the decades the story has evolved and changed to the whims and desires of individual puppeteers but the same fundamentals there has stayed throughout. Characters have appeared and disappeared and others have slowly metamorphosed. It seems that the devil has evolved into the contemporary crocodile familiar to most of us today. Everyone must remember the sight of a thick sausage sliding in and out of those gaping jaws. Punch's voice is something that has remained unchanged, a frightening falsetto buzz pitched to make you hear even if you don't listen.

Piccolini's version runs as follows;

Punch introduces himself then calls his wife. Instead of Judy appearing a dog, Toby,

trots on stage and attacks Punch biting his nose. Punch beats the dog off and summons its owner, Scaremouche, who promptly enters with a stick. He wants to know who Punch has been doing to his dog. Punch enquires about the stick Scaremouche carries who explains it is a fiddle and on taking the stick beats Scaremouche to death. He dances in ecstasy until Judy arrives. He takes her in his arms and attempts to kiss her but receives a slap across the face. He asks her to bring their child which she does and leaves. Punch violently plays with the baby until it cries. He kills the child. Judy sees what he has done and Punch comments that they can easily have another one. Judy takes the stick and attacks him. He takes the stick from her and kills her too. He disposes of the bodies and Pretty Polly arrives. They dance and cavort and disappear off stage. At this point an unknown character appears and sings, he removes his hat and his neck elongates. Eventually his head returns to his shoulders and the character leaves. Punch returns and wishes to pay another visit to Polly. He mounts his horse but is eventually thrown. He summons the doctor who examines him. "Where does it hurt?" he enquires with his hand on Punch's head. "Lower" insists Punch. The doctor touches his belly. "Lower" says Punch. He touches his legs. "Higher" Punch insists. The doctor fetches a bell and a black servant comes to complain about the noise. They argue and a fight ensues ending with the death of the

servant, "Is that the kind of music you like," he shouts at the body. A blind beggar knocks at the door requesting a donation. Punch refuses and the beggar accidentally sneezes in his face. He dies at the hands of Punch. A policeman arrives and accuses him of the murder of Scaramouche. Punch thumps him to the ground. Another policeman comes in and charges him with the murder of his wife and child. He, too, is knocked to the ground. Jack Ketch, the hangman arrives and accuses him of killing the doctor. They fight but the two officers recover and Punch is taken to jail. Punch is in a cell sliding his nose between the bars. Jack Ketch erects a gibbet and two men bring in a coffin. Ketch fetches Punch to be hung. Punch thrusts his head to one side of the noose. "The other side," says Ketch. Punch places his head on the other side. "Like this?" he asks. "No, like this," demonstrates Ketch and places his own head in the noose. Punch yanks the rope and strangles him. He places the corpse in the coffin and hides. The bearers come in and take the box away. Punch dances and sings claiming that even the devil cannot scare him. The devil does appear and advances on Punch. They fight and the show finishes as Punch lifts the dead devil on his stick.

To Judge Punch through physiognomy is probably the best means of deciphering his character. His physical attributes have hardly altered since his conception centuries ago. Eyes, usually divergent, protrude like those of a chameleon and a permanent grimace lends him the semblance of acute psychosis. His monstrous red nose and chin both blatantly phallic as is his exaggerated hump, hat and staff. Five symbolic representations signifying his atavistic affinity. It is worth noting that the drink, Punch is concocted from five ingredients deriving its name from the Hindi word 'panch' meaning five. He discovers that wedlock has disadvantages (the baby, thus responsibilities) that override the only advantage (accommodative sex). It seems that the man is a violent erotomaniac going through a period of sexual deprivation due to the child his wife has recently bore. So his opening antics with the dog should be looked on with a depraved ambiguity. The dogs owner discovers his intentions and Punch has to murder him to keep him quiet. (Scaramouche is an essential character used to inaugurate Punch to the proclivity of violence. Scaramouche is correlated to skidwile defined as unregulated fighting.) Punch revels in this frenzied attack, his erotic urges suddenly transformed into sadistic brutality. He has discovered something almost as potent as sex. Punch - to beat or strike, a shortening of the word punish.

Still sexually unsatisfied he makes a pass at his wife but to no avail. Her hormonal alterations have made her frigid and

she slaps away his passionate advances. His attentions now turn to their child but its crying and the fact that it has soiled its clothing deters him and, in frustration, he beats the infant to death. His wife discovers his crime and he suggests they conceive another one. This indicates Punch's deranged state of mind. The murder of his own child is utterly insignificant in comparison with the desire in his veins. He is determined to fuck no matter what. Punch - to perforate or pierce with implement. Judy attacks him but he overpowers her and she is dispatched in a similar manner to his previous victims.

Eventually he surrenders his carnal yearning to the flirtations of the prostitute Pretty Polly and their off stage copulation is parodied by the dancer with the elongating neck. Polly's original gender is somewhat ambiguous. Polly could be taken as an alternative to moll, being a prostitute, or moll being an effeminate boy or man. Also moll means to cut the horses from an animal, in other words to remove its masculine appearance, a symbolic castration. So it seems that Polly may well have been Punch's catnip.

Later his urges return and he tries to visit Polly on his horse but the animal throws him to the ground. As the doctor examines him Punch directs his healing hand to his groin. He is no doubt aware of Punch's intentions and produces a stick which he calls "physis", a cure or remedy. He then attempts to beat the arousal from him. (Whipping and beating was a well known cure for promiscuous thoughts in the confines of a monastery or convent.) What Punch realizes the doctor is reluctant to indulge in this inverted activity his sex drive switches off and his violent self takes over resulting again in murder.

Punch's desires now seem to be solely directed at killing. He twists any innocent event into a reason for murder. The coloured servant is slaughtered for complaining about the noise. This particular character stayed the course of later Punch and Judy shows and was the target for racist humiliation prior to his murder.

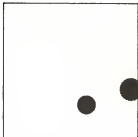
The killing of the blind man is further evidence of Punch's atavistic atavism. He despises everybody and seems to believe himself immortal and able to do whatever pleases him regardless of the obvious injustices. He feels so guilt over his crimes. This is very reminiscent of de Sades philosophy. Inferior individuals are yours to use as you like.

When Punch is confronted with the hangman's noose he says to Jack Ketch, "You would not be so cruel," Ketch replies "Why were you so cruel to kill those people?" Punch evades answering directly and says "Is that reason for you to be cruel and murder

met? Unable to argue this point Ketch orders him to put his head in the noose. Yet even at this stage Punch triumphs and strangles the hangman with his own rope. This adds to his delusions of immortality and his rantings and ravings encourage the appearance of the devil. The inevitable fight commences and eventually Lucifer himself is vanquished. This seems to lean toward a twisted Faustian theme. Had the devil arrived to collect Punch's soul expecting him to be dead? Perhaps at some time Punch had traded his soul in return for immortality and the devil, without thinking, granted him his wish and thus deprived himself of ever obtaining his soul.

The origins of the basic plot can only be examined with speculation but it could well be that the underlying theme is autobiographical. A medieval psychopath murders his family and indulges in an orgy of crime both sexual and homicidal. He "confesses" his sins to the outside world, from the sanctuary of his text, through puppetry and thus deprives himself of any guilt. To distance himself from the scene of the crime he becomes itinerant and so the show migrates. The judicial characters are used to emphasize the fact that he has escaped the law and the battle with the devil to show he fears no-one save god. He models his character on his inner self, hence its appearance, and disguises his voice to create a kind of disparity between himself and the puppet as it re-enacts his crimes. Punch doesn't look like him nor sound like him, yet it is him and, like the puppet, he believes himself untouchable, immortal as he exposes his atrocities to the unknowing audience.

And Punch is truly immortal for he is there today on every beach and promenade still killing, still fucking, still entertaining the children. That's the way to do it.



MACHO SLUTS

EROTIC FICTION BY PAT CALIFIA

JOANNE MELLERS.

MACHO SLUTS is a self-proclaimed showcase of S/M lesbian fiction. And, despite the claim that it covers "previously taboo territory", I suppose I really expected something a little more titillating, soft-core and ultimately unchallenging - as portrayed by the archetypal leather, fishnets, and boots on the books cover. In this respect, I was to be disappointed.

Which isn't to say that the book is unrewarding. There are many highlights in *Macho Sluts*, the social stylization for one is great. I love the characterization, as in the story "The Hustler" for instance, where a 'New Age' post-revolution society is the setting for "dirty sex" (which is really dirty and very much illegal). The self-confessed heroine of "The Hustler" is scruffy, male-like, loud and bold, and directly challenging - she could almost be a role model for today's women.

On the other hand, the eloquent correspondence style of "A Dash Of Vanilla" is refreshing, in that it gives a warm psychological insight into one woman's need to make her lover come: "It's precious to me because I've put so much sweat and effort into getting (her) there", the woman says at one point.

For me, throughout the book, the dominant emphasis is the prevailing attitude of a very feminist, yet very strong sexuality. There are no butch and fem stereotypes here. Every woman is complex and passionate, whether playing the part of sex slave to a group of eight sadistic dominants ("The Calyx Of Isis"), or the seductress of a S/M book in Roll heroine ("Jessie").

In many respects, despite its content, the writing of Califia in *Macho Sluts* seems to draw upon a pure storyteller tradition. Take for example, "The Surprise Party" where, in true traditionalist style, the 'surprise' is a secret, kept well hidden until the very end of the story (sorry, so give away here...). There are, as is to be expected though, a few areas of the book that are 'difficult'.

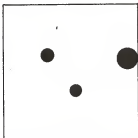
I found "The Vampire", with its links between blood stealing and sex energy, both faintly exhilarating while remaining definitely nauseating. Likewise, "The Spoiler" is too full of men, and much to penis orientated to be one of the better stories in a book of lesbian fiction. And the humiliation and editor's pierce of Rosanna in "The Calyx Of Isis" become, in parts, a little too much for me to comfortably bear.

It isn't the explicit lesbian (and

straight) sex that I find disturbing, but the brutal and all-out hardcore form of many pieces. This is why I found it only too easy to put *Macho Sluts* away for a rainy day, and why it eventually took me two months to finally get through.

I can only assume that my reluctance - or uncertainty - toward *Macho Sluts*, is a simple yearning for straight forward lesbian writing. This writing be soft-core, and men would be either incidental or non-existent. S/M would be a dessert, not the main course. It would be erotic, well written and primarily as aid to masturbation.

Macho Sluts is all too serious - too brutal. Celina's sex is either a punishment, a challenge, or merely a cruel and salacious game. I can't personally envisage reaching orgasm through having an enemy, or from being "...double-fucked - both holes at once." Or maybe I could. And this is part of the problem: the challenges are unrealistic and maybe psychologically disturbing, but they do sometimes whet a barely conscious appetite. The book's announcement of "S/M fantasy in previously taboo territory" is therefore not only apt, but also a direct invitation for every straight person to pick up a copy of *Macho Sluts*; to digest and to be shocked. Maybe if they did, they would learn something more about themselves. I don't know.



COMIC ART

CATHAL TOHILL

Christmas is long gone, and as summer begins to bloom, now is the time to treat yourself to an inspired piece of punk. What you need is *THE SAVAGE EYE* catalogue from *RAYOZINE STUDIOS*. It's a class act and that's something that's thin on the ground these days. For a mere bag of shells, they'll hit you with some truly hip and disturbing stuff...posters, mini-comix, freaky trading



cards, Woo-goo dolls and other sorts of inspired bug-a-boo. If your twisted tastes turn towards sexual neurosis, Betty Page (and her bushy beaver), gender, anti-social behaviour, melancholy and bile mixed with a dash of un-hip cynicism...then this catalogue will send you straight to heaven. Grab it now and slump up great things like *THE ROOSTER TIMES*, *CIA COMICS*, *CAR CRASH MAGAZINE*. Not to mention the awesome *COFFEE DRINKIN MAN* and the hip 'n' perverted *KAZ GIRLS*.



Send \$3 for a catalogue to P.O. Box 291, Cooper Station, New York NY10276, USA. Could heaven be so cheap??

STRAIGHT TO HELL WITH THE HITMAN AND HER DAVID FLINT

One of the most frequent - and fetid - claims made by people in this country is the old chestnut of British television being "the best in the world". To back up this theory, its exponents will drag out the same examples time and time again...expensive drama serials, classical adaptations, etc. Quietly swept aside are the godawful atrocities that clog up 90% of TV programming, ...and ignored completely is **THE HITMAN AND HER**.

THE HITMAN AND HER is a two hour serial in tedium, which is guaranteed to leave any sane viewer apoplectic with rage long before it reaches its moribund conclusion. It is mindless entertainment for equally mindless imbeciles, and its only saving grace is the fact that it is broadcast in the early hours of Sunday morning, and therefore doesn't take up any viewing time of real value.

The format for the show is simple - so simple, in fact, that I could scarcely believe that such a show could ever possibly be produced and broadcast when I first encountered it. Pete Waterman, producer of some of the most loathsome records to have ever infested the top forty, and Michaela Strachan, ITV's resident airhead, set up camp in a hellhole nightclub (more often than not located in a dead town like Halifax or Chorley) and play the latest club hits, whilst retarded punters either 'dance' or mug wildly for the cameras. And that, more or less, is it.

There are, of course, a few other diversions thrown at the viewer during the show. For instance, we're treated to 'live' performers. As with most of the records played, these tend either to be acts signed to Waterman's own record label, or sub-standard rap acts, with as much genuine street cred as Cliff Richard. One thing all the acts have in common is a total inability to sing effectively. Most don't even make the effort to try... but then, the assholes who buy their records have no idea of what live music is anyway.

Then, we have the games. Oh yes, it's fun and frolics all the way. For instance, there's the dance contest. A bunch of morons from the crowd get the chance to strut their not-so-funky stuff on stage. If one of the contestants is a girl with big tits, she'll win. There's "Pass The Mic", a sort of poor man's version of karaoke, where drunken idiots can screech along to an old record. The winner here will be the most 'extroverted' person - in other words, the most annoying wanker in the bunch.

There are also the "naughty" games...girls bouncing up and down on a pump to inflate a balloon (very suggestive...);

feeding a length of string through your partner's clothes...and, most ridiculous of all, the clothes swap. This last one has the potential to at least provide inane-as-vile viewers with a brief moment of smutty amusement, but is rendered completely pointless by the entire exchange taking place behind a large sheet. As neither the viewer at home or the ghostly mob in the club can see a thing, it seems a total waste of time...

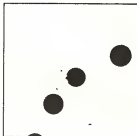
However, the main purpose of **THE HITMAN AND HER** is to give the couch potatoes out there a taste of just how much fun is to be had in the discos and NIGHTCLUBS OF BRITAIN, and as such, it works far more successfully than it could possibly imagine. After all, without this weekly two hour respite, one might almost be inclined to believe that these places might be worth a visit. **THE HITMAN AND HER** groves without doubt that such thoughts are foolishly misguided. Nothing seems closer to Hell on Earth than the idea of being in a room full of the repulsive excuses for humanity found on the dancefloors of this show. Drunken lager louts, dressed like accountants, and doubtless celebrating their latest bout of soccer thuggery, scream inaudible boasts at the camera, while brainless slags, dressed like farts and wearing more makeup than Kiss is their heyday, thrust their tragically over-coiffured heads into frame, eager for that fifteen minute spot of fame. Looking at these people often convinces me that half the nation's problems would be solved simply by bombing every nightclub in the country simultaneously on a Saturday night.

To give viewers a respite from the idiotic antics of the crowd, the show has on stage a motley crew of dancers, who go through assorted routines. The men, led by 'Clive', are a particularly loathsome bunch, thrusting their posing pouches towards the camera at every opportunity. The women seem to be a mixture of ex-strippers (going through the whole gamut of poses, but keeping their clothes firmly on), and well stacked blebs who can't dance, but give the cameramen plenty of opportunities to zoom in on bouncing breasts. 'Guest' dancers make regular appearances, these tending to be particularly talentless performers, seemingly oblivious to the fact that they are revealing their complete inadequacy to the whole nation. One is particular, referred to by Waterman as 'Ghostbuster' (Christ knows why...) is particularly irritating. With his consistently comical grin and utterly stupid dance style, he tends to make the viewer at home want to nail his head to a coffee table...

It is, however, the two stars who make

THE HITMAN AND HER such an ordeal to sit through in the end, Pete Waterman is, to put it bluntly, one of the vilest individuals ever to grace the TV screen. His idea of charisma is to thrust his bloated face into the camera, dripping sweat and shouting incoherently. He dances, as only the overweight and middle-aged can, his suit clinging repulsively to his fat body. Throughout the show, he belabors his would-be catchphrase "Believe", and gives thumbs-up signs that ceased to be credible in the 70's. Strassen, who should surely be listed in the dictionary as the definition of 'Bimbo', spends the whole show grinning from ear to ear, like a backward child eager to please. It's enough to make even the most patient viewer vomit.

Sadly, THE HITMAN AND HER is pretty indicative of the times we're living in, both socially and musically. The "Don't worry, be Happy" mentality has lit a perfect home here. At the time of writing, the show is being filmed in a Manchester venue, and it's worth noting that although Manchester Waves On in the eyes of the press, the majority of its clubbers are still firmly entrenched in the safe, unimaginative and uncreative world represented by this show. Musical revolutions pass them by, and, with the help of radio DJs, music journalists, and record company executives all eager to preserve the status quo and their own jobs, the Seventies musical malaise has returned, stronger than ever. Like punk never happened? You bet.



THE REIGN OF ERROR:

PSYCHIATRY, AUTHORITY AND LAW

Lee Coleman M.D., Beacon Press, Boston 1984

IAN KERKHOFF

If you thought Samuel Fuller's SHOCK CORRIDOR and John Frankenheimer's SECONDS were technically great films but basically nothing more than elaborate paranoid fantasies then I strongly urge you to read this book now (before it's too late).

Coleman's thesis is that while psychiatry and its shot-nosed little brother psychology can and do provide helpful insights into the workings of the mind, when these insights are given the status of science and indeed become the very foundation upon which legal decisions are made and laws are formulated, then things have gotten way out of hand.

Chapter by horrifying chapter, psychiatry's history and current practice is explored. A century ago mental patients were "bled" as a cure - a process which entailed draining off as much as five litres at a time in order to "reduce pressure on the brain". Only 40 years ago lobotomies were being performed without anaesthetics or sterilized equipment (check out the grisly description on page 115). As for shock treatment, that's still being performed today against patients' wishes.

The major injustice in current psychiatric practice is the enforced prescription of drugs, particularly a nasty family known as the phenothiazines. Just to mention the permanent, incurable side-effects of these commonly prescribed drugs is enough to raise a shudder: GALACTORRHEA: production of milky fluid in breasts of women. GYNECOMASTIA: swelling of breasts in men. Retrograde and anterograde amnesia; urinary



BIMBO IN LACE

retention; lithium poisoning; and TARDIVE DYSKINESIA - an irreversible disorder of the brain whose symptoms are rhythmic sucking and licking of the lips, sucking and chewing motions and uncontrollable grumbling.

Case histories abound in this thoroughly grim book. Notable is the case of Dr. Gábor de Káplany who "had been married to his beautiful wife, Majna, for only three months when he decided that her lack of sexual enthusiasm was because of an interest in another man. Convinced he was correct in his suspicions, de Káplany retaliated. From the hospital where he worked he stole three bottles of acid. On the evening of August 26, 1962, he tied his wife to their bed and poured the acid into her eyes, over her face, and onto her groin. As her screams pierced the apartment complex, de Káplany turned up the radio to full volume. Then he went to his neighbors and asked them to forgive him for keeping the radio so loud." The wife died 33 days later. According to the surgeon who treated her, "third degree chemical burns covered about 60% of her body; the nipple and surrounding pigmented area of her left breast had been almost completely excised. The corners of her eyes were so scorched the pupils were not visible. Most of the external genital area had been burned away".

Coleman points out that the cool, methodical de Káplany was able to find a number of psychiatrists who entered pleas of split and multiple personality for him, not to mention one notable who claimed that deep down, de Káplany was not in fact killing his wife at all, but rather his mother, and hence could not be found guilty.

This sort of absurd double-speak occurs throughout the book and Coleman brilliantly compares conflicting psychiatric testimony about the same patient on many instances. Humour isn't lacking however, especially not in the "junk food" defence of killer Das White, responsible for the premeditated slaying of San Francisco gay rights leader Harvey Milk. Psychiatrist Blinder: "White had been gorging himself on junk food: Twinkies, Coca-Cola...the more he'd consume, the worse he'd feel and he'd respond to his ever growing depression by consuming even more junk food. Perhaps if it were not for the ingestion of this junk food I would suspect that these homicides would not have taken place".

This book will shatter your faith in psychiatry's power to find cures for mental illness. What psychiatrists' pact with the law really seems to be about is providing society with convenient means and methods of locking up (sometimes forever) people whose personal names are different or otherwise from the ruling social norms. Like Bill Burroughs said, "just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't out to get you".

FURTHER RECOMMENDED READING:

HOW TO SURVIVE BEING COMMITTED TO A MENTAL HOSPITAL - Doug Cameron, Vantage 1979

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF PSYCHIATRY - Richard Hunter, Oxford University Press

THE HISTORY OF SHOCK TREATMENT - Leonard Frank, Webster 1978

SCHIZOPHRENIA - Manfred Sakel, Philosophical Library 1958



FINNISH NEWS

TOFFO KROGIUS



These five lie behind the compiling of the VIDEO ART SHOWCASE, which is shown in Finland every Thursday at 10p. Nothing wrong with youngsters making an effort, but the one sitting on the floor is Teemu Maki, better known for his untitled video of himself asking his cat to death and masturbating over the dead feline's corpse.

This caused outrage from Finnish viewers when the short was shown on TV-3 six months ago - unfortunately censored with a black dot hiding the "best" part.

Only in Finland, boys and girls!

SACRED BLOOD: ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY'S DIVINE SANTA SANGRE

DAVID KEREKES



There exists a religious order by the name of Santa Sangre or Sacred Blood. Santa Sangre have erected a church in honour of a young girl who was brutally raped and murdered. Before being raped, the story goes, the girl had her arms hacked off in order to prevent her from struggling. The girl is now regarded as a Saint and her sacred blood still remains where it was spilled; it forms the centre of the church of Santa Sangre, and a statue of the armless girl stands at the head of the church.

There is a circus called The Circus of Origo. Fenix is a child magician in the circus, his knife-thrower father, Orgo, runs it and his mother, Concha is the trapeze artist. The young Fenix falls in love with Alma, a deaf mute girl who is the adopted daughter of the tattooed lady. But nothing in life is as simple as falling in love, as Fenix is soon to find out.

One day, the Circus of Origo gets to watch helplessly as the authorities decide that the Church of Santa Sangre is a blasphemy, and tear it down. But the followers of the Sacred Blood stand by their devotion. They look to the armless girl as a

martyr and an inspiration, especially Concha from the circus who has fire in her soul.

The young Fenix (Adan Jodorowsky) is also witness to the death of the circus elephant, and its ceremonial mutilation by the townspeople. And as if that alone isn't enough, Orgo decides to carve a tattoo into little Fenix's chest and make a man of him.

Later that day, Fenix will inadvertently walk in on Orgo making love with the tattooed lady...and Concha will decide to throw acid over her unfaithful husband. In blind agony, Orgo chops both of Concha's arms clean off, and then slices his own throat; the tattooed lady makes off into the night with the deaf mute Alma, and Fenix, witness to it all, severs all communication with the outside world.

Twenty years pass. Fenix is a special case in an institution, still failing to communicate with anyone. One day the doctors of the institution introduce the vacant Fenix (now played by Axel Jodorowsky) to the other inmates, a collection of mongoloid adults who greet the long haired and bearded Fenix with a childlike innocence.

The doctors decide it's time to treat the patients to an evening at the cinema. Left unguarded, a pimp takes the party to one side and tells them that ROBINSON CRUSOE - the film playing - will "make you sick". In one of SANTA SANGRE's most disturbing sequences, the pimp (Tao Jodorowsky) gives the mongoloids a snort of cocaine, takes from them and Fenix their money, takes them down a backstreet and offers them to a fat prostitute for some "real entertainment".

While he is down the backstreet, Fenix sees the tattooed lady of his circus days and something behind his eyes flicks.

The next morning at the institution, all the patients are happy, even Fenix communicates his happiness by performing acrobatic tricks. Later, from the window of his room Fenix sees his armless mother and escapes.

Though Concha still adores the child martyr of the church of Santa Sangre and has a statue of the armless girl at home, her love is bitter and twisted. Concha holds some power over Fenix and orders him to kill. Only when numerous beautiful girls have been murdered, and Fenix is aided by the return of his circus friends, does he manage to overcome and destroy his mother.

SANTA SANGRE is at once a funny, painful and horrifying experience. It is a movie of great passion - whether it be the bitter-sweet innocence of the cocaine liberated mongoloids dancing through sordid backstreets, or the altruistic rapport between Fenix and Concha, locked as he is in a hopeless love for his own mother.

SANTA SANGRE wallows in such abusive ideas, it takes areas of relative taboo and erects them as pinnacles of a demented society or disturbed mind (as if the use of real mongoloid adults isn't morally questionable itself, **SANTA SANGRE** allows them to meet the pimp). Jodorowsky letradosos subjects such as incest and paedophilia to colour this strange world. In one sequence during a street carnival, the tattooed lady takes money from a drunken soldier. In exchange, she directs him to the sleeping Alma, and tells him that the girl can't speak, can't hear and is a virgin; it'll be worth every penny.

There are many ugly characters in **SANTA SANGRE**. It's as if the movie caught the world on a bad day, and then turned it over to reveal the slime underneath. **SANTA SANGRE** has chosen players who look like the soul of the characters they play. For instance, the inexpressible Fenix can do no wrong and so looks like Christ; furthermore, despite the passing of twenty years, Alma remains a child because she comes to Fenix in his hour of need; neither is the drunken soldier any exception, played as he is by a freakish monster of a man, someone who towers over the walf-like Alma. The soldier's ugly looks and stature are Jodorowsky's way of implying that something very horrible is about to happen to something very beautiful, and soon. But nothing should be taken for granted in a world as crazy as this, and Alma escapes the clutches of the giant.

Alejandro Jodorowsky has stated that he filmed **SANTA SANGRE** in sequence; the way the movie unfolds is the way the movie was shot. Yet, instead of the movie building in confidence as one would imagine, the whole thing seems to be breaking down as it goes on, with individual events and sequences having little - if any - bearing on one another. The movie appears more and more to be a figment of Fenix's imagination. And the longer the movie runs, the deeper the viewer is immersed into that imagination until before long, the world of **SANTA SANGRE** is the world of Fenix. When a conversation takes place that seemingly encompasses events that the viewer has missed, or we notice that all of a sudden Fenix lives in a beautiful house, or that he is suddenly seen to be experimenting on a serum to make himself invisible (along with a hitherto unknown passion for H.G. Wells' *The Invisible Man*), it is simply because Fenix wills it.

As the movie draws closer to its end, these events are taking place nowhere else but inside Fenix's head, still traumatized as he is by the events of his childhood.

It is no secret that Fenix is the murderer of the beautiful women, or that Concha has control over his arms; Concha wills Fenix to kill with them anyone who looks remotely like the tattooed lady, or the kind of woman that would have taken her

husband away from her. When Fenix wants his murderous arms to be broken and stop the killing, he approaches a female wrestler called The Saint.

The Saint has a mysterious holy shroud that she cloaks herself with in the ring, a cloak that cannot be penetrated by the other (all-male) wrestlers. When the cloak is lowered, The Saint can be challenged but still remains undefeated. After watching a bout, Fenix goes to meet The Saint backstage in her dressing room. It becomes obvious that the female wrestler is actually a man with plastic breasts and a wig (though no one in the movie seems to notice). Although The Saint keeps Fenix's company for a short while, the purpose of the shroud or the sexual ambiguity aren't explored and the wrestler ends up as another victim to Fenix/Concha. In fact, the whole of The Saint episode appears to be little more than a light religious humour. But while The Saint seems to be just one of many throwaway ideas in **SANTA SANGRE**, the movie itself remains heavily infused with a dogmatism, a strong religious element established by the Church of the Holy Blood at the films opening, and asserted thereafter, with sequences such as the adoration of Fenix by the mongoloid patients.*

The Church of the Sacred Blood stands as a precedent for the whole tone of **SANTA SANGRE**, as does the enigma of the little girl who was both mutilated and raped all those years ago. The entire mood of **SANTA SANGRE** is drawn from "Sacred Blood's" devotion to the dead girl.

And this is a devotion equivocal to the spirit of religious principle. For instance, the statue of the armless girl of Santa Sangre, begs comparison between that of the more orthodox - yet no less awesome, or macabre - sight of Jesus Christ himself revealing his own sacred bleeding heart. In fact, the whole weird concept of the church of Santa Sangre harbours more than a passing irony when the Catholic Church arrives and attempts to denounce Santa Sangre, stating that the armless girl is not a real Saint, that the pool of "Sacred Blood" is nothing more than a pool of red paint, and that the whole church of Santa Sangre is indeed nothing more than a blasphemy.

But unlike the Christ-figure and the faith of Christianity, it isn't the girl herself that the followers of Sacred Blood are attracted to. It is her code of honour, it is what that dead girl brings out in each and every one of the followers. The Church of Santa Sangre want to be like the dead girl, they want to have courage enough to die for purity. With this doctrine, Jodorowsky has raised a theological question in that, "Is man's own courage really his God?" This is to say, are the followers of Santa Sangre their own God because they want to better themselves? - Aren't they worshipping their



own principles when they worship the amoral girl - isn't all faith based on the courage to go so far as to die for one's own belief?

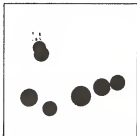
Jodorowsky has asked a question and created a masterpiece. **SANTA SANGRE** may be a relatively simple tale at heart, but its spirit is demanding and quite exhausting. Whole ideas might be left unfulfilled, flapping around the movie like ribbons in a wind, but it doesn't matter; that these ideas are there in abundance should be satisfaction enough.

Not for a moment do I believe that Jodorowsky has consciously set out to raise questions with this picture, more likely these questions evolved as the picture was made. Neither should it be taken that Jodorowsky has had control over his own images or ideas; I don't think Jodorowsky knows what his own ideas mean. But this is the way it should be because **SANTA SANGRE** belongs not to Alejandro Jodorowsky but to Felix; this is the world of a man not in control of his senses, and as such **SANTA SANGRE** is an awesome sight.

What Jodorowsky has done with **SANTA SANGRE** however, is directed a movie from the soul.

* This image of the mongoloid patients of the institution, crowding round and touching the Christ-like face of their new friend Felix, adds to **SANTA SANGRE**'s heavy line of religious symbolism, despite the fact that

the mongoloid adults of the place wouldn't really have a religious understanding at all. Later, for instance, a meeting with a prostitute and subsequent touchings of her face, contends that it is indeed the "fleshiness" of a new face that the mongoloids are establishing, and is not some religious adoration. But it doesn't matter, Felix looks like Christ, and the patients look as though they adore him.



DISHEVELLED LIGHT

JOHN GRAYWOOD

Like squallid icons, the "amateur" exposures in the back of pornographic magazines are the perfect items for metaphysical speculations. The polaroids of hairlines and pubic-hair topology stalk in **HUSTLER**'s famed "Beaver Hunt" and sneak through the endangered pages of avirginal magazines.

As incitements to one-handed applause, these apprentice prints are more efficacious than the airbrushed spreads. And it is precisely this elusiveness that "genitalizes" the blowup of the nude, in any photograph, the environment eroticizes the female. The random objects in the bedroom are guarantees of authenticity — the ubiquitous TV set and dilapidated mattress function like relics in an altarpiece. Background is the collateral of depleted sexuality; the skin is sanctified by the chaotic inventory of possessions.

Arcane correspondences cover in the realm of the slightly-out-of-focus. These snapshots of naked girlfriends are unintentionally endowed with tarot-like correspondences. Instantly: a shaven woman has a cross tattooed on the left breast; a tailor's dummy lurks in the corner of the fake-wood-paneled apartment. The "musing" of these thick surroundings taunts the



celebrant. Each artifact turns up the onlookers' desire.

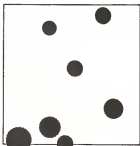
But these vesicles are not the edited flesh of the centerfolds; rather, they are more like rough drafts of fantasy. So the divergence between Western standards of "beauty" and the padlocks available to the proletariat, the discrepancy between the thousand-dollar tits of the pinups and the xenophyte unveilings creates a tension that, paradoxically, empowers these cut-rate flowers of the darkroom.

Candid enlargements lounge like devout film capsules - fortuitously preserving an uncouth display. The photo itself becomes a kind of seedy illustration.

Curiously, the cut-shot solitudes the model. The interdicted bric-a-brac, the flustered vagina acquiesces the sample lady. The insatiable camera drenches the subject in loneliness.

The explicit images are invariably attached to verbal comments, but these texts loiter like confessions: the words purify the exhibition. Masturbation becomes a silly confession - the viewers' sordid autocriticism transubstantiates the spread legs into prose.

In this century, only by exploring the cut might we evidence hints of spiritual transformations. Profundity abounds on every street corner, but as an effective piece of sleaze is a treasure worth using.



PRE-INDUSTRIOUS CRONENBERG STEREO & CRIMES OF THE FUTURE DAVID SLATER. S T E R E O

Cronenberg's first movie in 16mm can be viewed as an embryonic stage of SCANNERS. It has direct shadowy references to the characters that develop and mature in that movie.

Filmed in monochrome and without sound its 65m running time can be too much. The explanatory narration is pseudo-biotechnology stretched to the limit as though read from some incoherent philosophical text book on telepathy. Cronenberg dwells on the homoerotic, probably his first attempt to shock in the days before special effects. The minimal cast wanders around a sterile clinic, smiling, touching, indulging in mild heterosexual frolics and partaking in psychological experiments. They are the guinea-pigs in the forefront of telepathic analysis. Occasionally they leave the confines of the clinic for the openness of the surrounding gardens but even here the same ritualistic motions occur. The combination of dreary images and self-indulgent recitations overpowers the viewer and leaves one itching for the end.

STEREO is interesting from a retrospective and archival point of view and essential viewing for proteges wanting to see the foundation on which all Cronenberg's future work was built.

CRIMES OF THE FUTURE

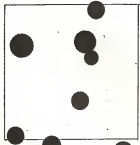
As STEREO is the embryonic stage of SCANNERS, CRIMES OF THE FUTURE is a foetal SHIVERS/RABID. The budget, double that spent on STEREO, afforded Cronenberg the luxury of

colour and a crude soundtrack. The same cast and similar surroundings instantly throws the viewer into a déjà-vu situation. **CRIMES** is more of an extension of the earlier film with Grossenberg's desire to shock reinforced with primitive effects. He demonstrates his penchant for bizarre scenes christening the lead character Adrian Tripod who narrates the events. Here the director's dialogue is more accessible than that of **STEREO**. There are elements of an actual plot.

Tripod is searching for the mad dermatologist Anton Rouge, the discoverer of a new disease conceived through cosmetic abuse. His investigations take him to various clinics and institutions each studying diverse illnesses. The victims of 'Rouge's Malady' secrete a foamy substance from their orifices and any observer is compelled to lick and devour the discharge. So the virus spreads, even to children, and by the end Tripod himself is contaminated.

Grossenberg's leaning towards bodily modifications also intensifies, a man suffering from some new strain of venereal disease develops rudimentary organs which are surgically removed. He pines for his lost body parts and steals the preserved remains from storage. Another character has wiry hairs sprouting from his nostril, he believes them to be cerebral nerves possibly developing into some kind of antenna.

CRIMES OF THE FUTURE is filled with idiosyncrasies that mature in all of Grossenberg's later works, the venereal disease and claustrophobic confines of **SHIVERS**, the cosmetic missteps of **RABID**, the body rebellion of **THE DROOD** and the metamorphoses of **VIDEOPHONE** and **THE FLY**. It is interesting by comparison, rather like looking at the rough sketches of some renowned artist and certainly a reasonable step from the dreaminess of **STEREO**.



COFFEESHOPS ARE FUN!

DAVID KERKES.

The empty conversations of housewives with cigarettes; the art deco menu on laminated tabletops; the fragrance of perfume and cheese - Cheddar and brie; the faded paintings of Constable along the walls; the illustrious sounds of a local radio station; the salt and pepper pot; the spent wrapper of a real butter portion; shards of half-eaten bacon and eggs; the shopping bags between tables; the cackle of the coffee pot. This is the tradition of the coffee shop.

Coffeeshops are a British institution. They are the havens for those busy workers during dinner time. They are the Saturday afternoon departmental store shopping retreat (look for it in the basement or on the highest floor near the Gents). They are the haven for those rambling tourists with worn-out feet. They are the pre-requisite for informal gatherings and small talk. They are also the places to be found on Saturday afternoons, and where to go when it rains.

At their best coffeeshops shouldn't be efficient, white-walled places. They should have pots on the table from two customers ago, an abandoned umbrella and a mess that necessitates the clearing up of your own place before sitting down. Of course, sitting down is made on the assumption that you have managed to find a seat in the first place; more often than not in the coffeeshop, it is the husband of the woman behind you in the queue who has grabbed the only table left in the place...and the mess that comes with it.

But the coffeeshop wouldn't be a coffeeshop without all of this fuss, and the coffeeshop user knows it only too well.

In Paris they're not coffeeshops, they are Cafes. In Amsterdam they are Teenrooms (because coffeeshops are where you go to smoke your blow). In New York they sell dosets. In Spain you'd have to be mad to drink anything but warm beer. Yes, coffeeshops are legion, but nowhere is the coffeeshop as earnest or at its delectable best as it is in Britain. Where else in the world, for instance, could you sit down to that authentic 1970's furniture? Or on those chairs that are bolted to the floor, slant at an intolerable arms length away from the table? Where else in the world could you sit in the company of down-and-outs, of students, of beggars and thieves, or old ladies with tea and biscuits?

Great British coffee is great British coffeeshops is served in cups that cling to the saucer when you pick them up. What's more, it is a coffee with a head on it, served by a white-aproned lady with a funny-

looking hot, with cakes on the counter and a sign that says soup of the day behind her. Of course, there is the selection of brown and white sugar in little sachets available, and there are those skinny plastic spoons that are all neck. (The skinny plastic spoon, now there's a peculiar thing. A by-product of the fast-food industry, the skinny plastic spoon is a mere talking point for the consumer, designed to head conversation away from the blandness of the actual food itself. After all, the fast-food chains are also responsible for coffee in paper cups, a combination which certainly doesn't promote quality in a product. No, for quality of product, it's back to the coffeeshop).

Where else, but in the coffeeshop, can one imbibe a cappuccino, or an espresso, a decaffeinated, cafe au lait, cafe noir, or an Irish coffee, a Turkish coffee, a small coffee, coffee in a mug, coffee in a cup, or coffee in company? At home perhaps but think of the funny hats.

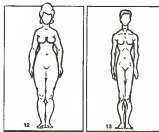
Coffeeshops are also the place to be for battling in on other peoples conversations. Because the coffeeshop is so much more a spontaneous retreat than the average public house - in that people will pop into a coffeeshop for a brief respite and not a whole evening - conversational topic tends to be more diverse, plentiful, flows thick, fast and furious.

The following exchange is an example, and typical of the semi-delirious oh-la-way that is to be found in the coffeeshops:

1st old lady, in well rounded syllablist "Paul's dad had a fit outside the shops last week."

2nd old lady, cupping her ear: "Oh, I'm sorry, and he looked so healthy. Will he still be able to drive?"

1st old lady: "What? Paul's dog?"



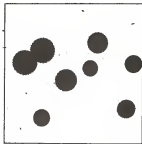
"COFFEEHEADS"

Not all coffeeshops, however, are such delirious places. In some, the average coffee consumer is more likely to clash with somebody's overcoat than to spill their brew. These particular places are the cultural retreat coffeeshops. They have very little character but a lot of identity (usually someone else's) and are real serious; all artistic and chrome finish for 90p a cup. If anyone ventures into one of these places for a laugh, it will come, maybe not in the form of scetching semi-delirious dialogue exchanges, but in sitting watching the other customers. Each and every coffee drinker in the cultural retreat coffeeshop, is a herbal tea person and has been for years; or is a soul in torment, torn between how well they are exercising their torment in front of the others; or is a world-weary, budding young artist (musicians are passed); or simply the nobody that is just waiting to be discovered.

Most everyone in the "cultural retreat" sits with an expression of bored abandon. They give the impression that everything is so boring nothing is really worth noticing, or that they are in fact, far too busy looking bored to notice anything, really.

And, as if to compliment the vacant clientele, all of the furniture in these places is arranged in careful disarray, with all the chairs studiously scattered around a harmonious table arrangement. This not only looks good, but also means that it remains absolutely no trouble at all to get up and leave.

But hey! don't just take anyone's word on it, grab yourself some caffeinated Coffeeshops can be fun!





INSPECTOR PALMU
TOFFO KROGIUS

A handful of you might have heard of Mika Waltari, one of Finland's most famous authors (best known for his *SIRENE THE EGYPTIAN* story), but his **INSPECTOR PALMU** novels remain unreleased outside his own country.

The first **INSPECTOR PALMU** book was published in 1939, but the story didn't reach the screen until 1960, due to a lack of interest in the idea by Finnish film-makers. When Matti Kassila, already well known at the time, began to film the story in the spring of 1959, little did he know of the huge success that the film would have.

The fast moving plot is as follows: Bruno Rygseck, a wealthy alcoholic, is found dead in his swimming pool by his butler and two friends. They assume that Rygseck slipped on the wet floor, hit his head falling into the pool and drowned. Inspector Palmu (Joel Rinne), however, directly suspects foul play.

Surprisingly, quite a few people were present at the time of the murder. Rygseck's wife Aili, who had filed for divorce and who would stand to gain more from her husband's death; his aunt, Miss Amelia Rygseck, who's cat had been poisoned by Rygseck the night before; Aili and Aino Rykono, brother and sister owners of the Rykono Industrial

concern, of which Rygseck was a major shareholder; and finally, the butler, who seems to know more than he says. Inspector Palmu also find another couple chatting merrily in the basement. They turn out to be author Lehtonen and Inna Vasne, an acquaintance of Rygseck's.

Gunner Rygseck, head of the Rykono organisation, and a man with friends in high places, objects to the police investigation, and Palmu is taken off the case. But, when Aili dies after drinking poisoned absinthe, Palmu is back.

To quote an English translation of the storyline, the film continues in the following manner: Palmu finds out about a saboteur game Rygseck had set into motion the evening before, luring his friends and family into committing a number of petty crimes, and running foul of each other. It begins to look as though everybody concerned had a motive for murder - and no-one has an alibi!

Although the film falls into parody territory on occasions, the haunting camerawork by Olevi Tuomi and Osmo Lindeman's moody, yet simple score, along with all the plot twists, make this first instalment in the Palmu series one of the most original

thrillers in the history of Finnish cinema.

One of Finland's most haunting and downright scary films was Kassila's next Inspector Pelmu outing, **KASSILA, KOMISSARIO PALMU** (GAS, INSPECTOR PALMU) - made a year after the first one, which establishes it's atmosphere in the first minute, with a villain finding an old woman gassed to death in her apartment. Inspector Pelmu is quickly on the scene, and as usual, immediately finds that foul play has occurred.

This time, there are four suspects: a money-hungry priest (who turns out to be a child molester!), played by Risto Mäkelä who would score anyone in a dark alley; a homosexual painter; and the boyfriend of the murdered woman's niece, who was disliked by the deceased Mrs Sorola.

The entire plot is too complicated to summarise, but basically goes like this: Mustapää, the priest, has abused Mrs Sorola's religious devotion and persuaded her to write her will in his favour, making him the main suspect. However, various nods and winks point Pelmu in the direction of the boyfriend, and even, at one point, the niece herself. As usual though, in the end the killer is the least obvious suspect.

KASSILA, KOMISSARIO PALMU features some truly dark and disturbing sequences, including the unforgettable final scene as the murderer confesses and heaves an unsuccessful attempt to jump down a spiral staircase to his death. Other memorable scenes include Pelmu's talks with P. Mustapää (Mustapää translates as Blackhead, and P. could stand for S., as in squeeze) One of Kassila's funny (a-joke!) and the humorous dialogue between Pelmu's assistants Kokki and Toivo, bringing some light relief to this gothic mystery thriller.

Again, the critics were favourable, and the film is still considered to be the best of the four by many, including yours truly.

TAMMEL KERTONAT, KOMISSARIO PALMU was the third, and for many people, the last "real" Pelmu film. It didn't even exist as a novel until shortly before filming, and Mika Waltari told the story behind it to SEURA magazine in 1962:

"I spent the whole of last summer trying to get into this big novel, but I couldn't get any inspiration, so I felt quite down. In the autumn I saw the film based on my old novel **KASSILA, KOMISSARIO PALMU**. It was so nicely directed and the actors were so good that I started feeling very good and had many laughs. When I got back to the countryside, the head of Fennada-Filmi, Mauno Mäkelä, called me up one morning in November to ask me to ask me if they could use the same characters for yet another film by making up the script themselves. This got me to suggest that maybe I was still able to write another detective novel, but I felt as if Mäkelä

didn't really believe me. I thought I've been feeling self-important too long - that's why I started writing straight away and had a lot of fun".

The plot for **TAMMEL KERTONAT, KOMISSARIO PALMU** is yet another mish-mash, hard to follow and even harder to write down in a few words, but I'll have a go. Making her dog, an old lady finds a corpse in Tahitornimäki park. The man is first presumed to be a vagabond, but soon proves to be very wealthy. Pelmu's suspicions first turn towards the boyfriend of the man's niece, who's been spying on girls with binoculars, but as further pieces of the puzzle turn up, he shifts his attention towards completely different parties, and, after a great chase sequence at the end of the film, the killer is apprehended...almost.



There is one scene where a young girl - a Finnish mod or whatever - who's been brought in for questioning starts to make advances to Pelmu's assistant Toivo, only to receive a spanking! This film, like the other two, also features some nudity, rarely seen in mainstream films in the early sixties.

A fourth film was due to be made in 1963, called **LOPESIT JO RAINASSA, KOMISSARIO PALMU** (YOU SHOULD REST IN PEACE, INSPECTOR PALMU), but it never made it past script stage because of an actors strike. It wasn't until 1969 that the fourth film was finally made, and this was the disappointing **WOKKA, KOMISSARIO PALMU**, which, interestingly enough, was partially shot in Moscow (remember, we're talking 1969 here...). The plot itself is quite interesting. A TV reporter called Torpo is murdered while making an investigative report in the neighbourhood of a large mansion owned by a wealthy industrialist. The police arrest Torpo's assistant (who was present at the time of the murder), but get nowhere with their investigation. The head of

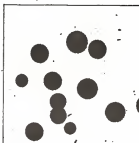
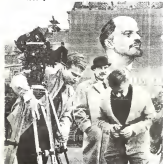
the TV company (actually YLEISRAADIO) turn to retired Inspector Palmu for help, who naturally takes on the job and - as usual - solves the mystery.

The film brings in some political elements in the form of an author with CIA connections. Contrasting with this, a female Soviet agent turns out to be involved, and plays a decisive part in the conclusion of the mystery.

The difference between *VOIKAA*, *KOMISARIO PALMI* and the other three films - other than it being the only one shot in colour - is this political context, making this last film more of a spy/action film with a murder mystery subplot thrown in for good measure.

As HALLIWELL'S FILMGOERS AND VIDEO VIEWERS COMPANION states - "Finland has produced many films for internal consumption, but language and subject barriers have made them unsuitable for international sale". The Inspector Palmu films have all been aired several times on Finnish TV, and, as with any Finnish dialogue films viewed on TV, they're available with Swedish subtitles. No English language versions - either dubbed or subtitled - seem to exist. However, I'm thinking about subtitled the series myself, so if you ever seen them in such a form, you'll know who to thank.

The Inspector Palmu films are now memories of yesterday, but the series will always be considered the cream of Finnish crime thrillers. For a few precious years, we had our very own Sherlock Holmes or Charlie Chan. But Palmu, with his blunt, simplified wit, would have beaten them all! He even used questionable methods sometimes, as proved with a line to his assistant in the first film: "You know, kookki, sometimes you can get formidable results with talking absolute nonsense!".



DELECTUS BOOKS

DAVID FLINT



Those of you with an interest in collecting vintage erotica are advised to check out mail order company Delectus Books, who specialise in rare smut from the past. If you have the money, Delectus can supply an original 1883 numbered edition of Auguste Poulet-Melissis' *BIBLIOGRAPHIE DESCRIPTIVE ET ANECDOTIQUE DES OUVRAGES ECRITS ON PUBLIES PAR LUI*, a bargain at £220. If your finances don't run quite that far though, there are plenty of cheaper volumes available, ranging from the works of De Sade and Sacher-Masoch, through to *SEXU SUE'S OFFICE GAME* (a 1973 paperback from the Luxor Press), *GIRLS CONCENTRATION CAMP TORTURE ORGASMS* (a 1963 comic book by 'Jim'), Jack Warren's *KAREN AND THE BIZARRE SPANKERS*, and the splendid sounding *LOVE AT HOME PHOTO BOOK*, which promises to "take every corner of your home, however modest, into a palace of love".

The Delectus Books catalogue is an essential item in itself, providing plenty of information on obscure erotica and sleaze literature, and can be obtained for £2.00/£3.00 from:

27 Old Gloucester Street, London, WC1N 3AX.

TOURFILM R.E.M.

DAVID KERKES

All of a sudden, quirkiness seems to have a direction and the direction a reason. He has taken their direction and for this reason Michael Stipe will ultimately be the downfall of R.E.M.

POINT THE FINGER 2 HANDS

R.E.M.'s finest vinyl moment was the enigmatic *FABLES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION* album. The critics hated it. R.E.M. listen to their critics too much. Now they make albums like *DOCUMENT No. 5* and release stadium safe singles like *ORANGE CRUSH*.

EDWARD WAS A FROG

Once he was coy, now he is confident. Michael Stipe is the leader of this band. No longer does he do his spaz dance and look like a spaz, he looks like a dancer. He has all the moves choreographed and *TOURFILM* shows all the same moves for the same songs at different concerts. He may be wearing different clothes but we know it's him.

EVERY WRONG WORD IS CRUCIFIXION

This video *TOURFILM* was put together by Stipe because he is in every shot. He may be the singer but his hands are not and there are many shots of his hands, waving.

SHAKESHAKE

Mike Mills seems to be having the most fun but he isn't seen much because he plays bass. Is this the spirit of Independent film making?

FIGURE OF HATE

Stipe takes his shirt off to show his new chest. Words of a song appear on the backdrop and there are lots of word association images. *TOURFILM* goes black and white and colour and back again. It goes faster and slower and in reverse. And in reverse forward again. *FALL ON ME* is possibly the last great R.E.M. song.

SURE DOES GET HOT AROUND HERE

R.E.M. are so big now, Stipe sometimes needs a megaphone to reach the microphone. And if overdubs are necessary at least have the audacity to do them badly.

CONTINUATIVE NEIGHBOUR III

R.E.M. are well on the road to becoming the *EXXON* corporation of the music world complete with new wave haircut. As four films go *TOURFILM* could have done a lot worse, as it is, it's Michael Stipes R.E.M. and it's too bad.

PAUSE PAUSE

TOURFILM picks up when the band stop playing and start clowning but that's the end of *TOURFILM*. It's the end of R.E.M. as we know it.

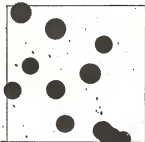
TOURFILM R.E.M.

1990 85 min.

Produced/directed - JIM MCKAY & MICHAEL STIPE

A presentation of R.E.M./Athens, Ltd.

In association with C-Hundred Film Corp.



SWING ALONG

MOOSE MCGILL

I'm no swinger...I've got nothing much to swing, but like anyone who believes in 'good liquor and honest fornication', I can sort of empathize with folks who need, need, need to swing. They're down to earth types whose primal drive is to shake their bodies and wall away in narcissistic revelry. I approach the world of the swinger like a nervous voyeur, hoping to see something touching but prepared for a taste of the seedy, the servile and the sleazy.

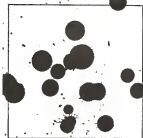
As America's oldest swinger's magazine, *CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR* is the *VILLAGE VOICE* for the land of Swing! It'll keep you up to date with what's on the menu and there's plenty of ads promising loud colour shots, freshly and not so freshly soiled panties, hot phone sex and...if you can name it...you can probably get it willingly inside the pages of the *SPECTATOR*.

With a track record of over 25 years, the *SPECTATOR* is now totally established, and flicking through its area-by-area index is a real revelation. Although most of the contacts are female, there's still a demand for every type of penetration and perversion you could imagine. From the lonesome gal who wants to sleep with a dick in her mouth all night to the witchy looking woman who wants a docile female companion for her slave master, this mag touches all bases. Most folks who use the magazine are extremely candid about their desires and describe what they want in much the same way that most people write out shopping lists! They also like to provide photos of what they have on offer and the *SPECTATOR* is jam-packed with every size and shape of dick and pussy you could imagine. A truly bizarre spectacle. Almost every photo seems to say - "What do you think of this, Bub - juicy, hot, or what?!"

Like most folks who live in ultra-repressive Britain, I'm an unabashed voyeur and taking a peek into a world where sex seems unshibited and carefree is an attractive proposition, especially as the spectre of AIDS looms ever larger. Unlike sex ads in British papers, those in the SPECTATOR seem cheap, honest and unlikely to be rip-offs. Live phone sex is priced at \$1.00 per minute. You get 1,000 nudist penpals for \$10, a free Whorehouse Directory for \$1 postage and a pair of extra smelly pasties for \$15 (around £7.50!).

So if you're a swinger or someone who likes to sample life in the raw, then the CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR is for you, from its wealth of personal contact ads (who can resist the lure of the readers wives photos?) to the outrageous ads for things like BLACK HAIR BEANERS (They Love To Stroke Their Shaggy Snatches), SWEDISH PLAYING CARDS, THE HE-SHE DIRECTORY, INTER-RACIAL SEX DIRECTORY, GROPE MAGAZINE!, Hard-On Pills and the XXX Computerised match-making system...it's a guaranteed winner.

CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR single issue subscriptions available from P.O. Box 278, Canal Street Station, New York, NY10013, USA for \$14 inc. airmail postage.



THE MILLERS TALES

DAVID IANTOSCA

Anything peculiar happen to you? No, I picked a phone and a total stranger started telling me stories. No kidding! At first I thought this has got to be some kind of nut, but as the call went on and the stories got funnier and weirder, I thought this is a nut... Finally, after about twenty minutes of tales from this stranger, I got the guy's name and he said he'd send me a cassette full of his stories. But no cassette ever arrived and he never called back, which is

unfortunate. So, here for posterity is a brief transcript of that phonecall from George Miller: Painter and Decorator.

It's about 8.30 pm, sometime mid-March. The phone rings. This is the first thing I get when I pick it up:

"Something peculiar happened to me - not today, but yesterday. My bath upstairs has a crack in it, so I haven't been able to have a bath for a few days. So I dragged an old tin bath I had in the garage through to the kitchen, filled it up with water and took a bath there. Next thing I know the neighbour's wife is at the back door, knocking - and here I am with nothing on! That's pretty peculiar isn't it?"

Peculiar as it may have been coming out of the blue like it did, this first anecdote is relatively normal compared to those which were to follow:

"I've seen some funny things, ma. I used to be a painter and decorator, right, and one day I'm painting the lounge of this old peoples home. Well, I'm up at the top of the ladders and I've only got a bit left to do, when I fall off! Yeah, I fell off the bloody ladders and landed in this massive goldfish tank. Well, the lid of the tank comes crashing down behind me and I can't budge it open again. So, here I am in this fish-tank - killed about twenty fish and I'm drowning. All these old people are standing there, looking in at me and laughing. I'm drowning and they're laughing! I had fish in my mouth, up my nose and in my underpants. I was in there for two minutes before someone let me out..."

"Another job I had was working on a building site. Some funny things went on there. This one time I heard someone shout, so I turn around just in time to see this lad lose his footing and fall off a block of flats. He falls off, right, and gets killed. But - and get this - as he was falling, one of his mates shouts "TINCHENBERG!" And that was one of his mates!

"I saw all sorts on that site. I've seen someone fall into a cement mixer... Even seen someone working with quick-dry cement get the stuff caked on his foot, and what he does is pick up this pneumatic drill and go, "Watch this, I'll get it off" and he chops he bloody toes clean off!

"Another job I had to do once, was go and sort this basement out in this department store. Well, I got to the basement and the thing's flooded out. All I can see are these tables and chairs floating about. Next thing I know, the lift doors are opening and this big fat woman gets washed out..."

These are the stories I heard that mid-March evening. And as God is my witness, this is the weird way George said it was...

VIDEO SCUM

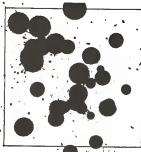
DAVID FLINT

During the London **BLACK SUNDAY** festival in November of last year, at the **HEADPRESS** crew set up a display of **DER TODESKING** videos and **SHEER FILTH** back issues, we were approached by a weaselly looking individual dressed in a black and white striped shirt and checked trousers, and sporting a thin mustache. To our surprise, he introduced himself as Steve Aquilinas, producer of infamous video atrocity **VIOLENT SHIT**. He wondered if we might be interested in distributing his latest opus, **ZOMBIE 90: EXTREME PESTILENCE**, in the UK. Although we thought such a deal would be extremely unlikely, we nevertheless decided to give him the benefit of the doubt, and agreed to take a look at the film. Had we known then what was in store for us, we would've been more likely to beat Aquilinas senseless.

ZOMBIE 90 is utterly loathsome. A foul, mean-spirited insult to the intelligence of even the most cretinous viewer, it's the gorefilm equivalent of an entirely pointless porn film; but while XXX films, regardless of cinematic quality, tend to be joyful celebrations of a life-enhancing activity, **ZOMBIE 90** is a thoroughly negative experience. The plot is minimal almost to the point of non-existence: a military aircraft carrying bacteriological weapons crashes, and the resulting spill causes the dead to return to life. A couple of detestable doctors set out to find the cause of the new phenomenon - although their methods consist solely of wholesale slaughter and mutilation.

Obviously, **ZOMBIE 90** is intended to shock, but it fails miserably. It's extreme violence doesn't shock - but it does offend. And the reason it offends has little to do with the images being shown - after all, similar scenes appear in many classic low budget and underground horror films - but rather, is due to the idea behind them. The makers of this 'film' are the sort of lapdog, life-hating scum who believe that you can only show a woman's breasts if you're cutting them off...only expose a vagina if it's being sliced open with a knife. They're the kind of people who think it's great fun to have their hero discover that the virus is a new strain of AIDS. It's tragic that such people even exist, let alone are given the opportunity to commit their squalid, misogynistic and masturbatory fantasies to videotape.

All this, together with a universal lack of ability on both sides of the camera, and the dubbing of ludicrous Deep South accents onto the cast, makes **ZOMBIE 90: EXTREME PESTILENCE** almost as aptly named as its predecessor. Do everything in your power to avoid infection.



SUICIDE AT THE BBFC

DAVID SLATER

Jörg Buttgereit, of **WEXROMANTIK** infamy, followed that film with a somewhat restrained (by comparison) but no less powerful movie, **DER TODESKING (THE DEATH KING)**. Avoiding the explicit horrors of the earlier work he has created, from what started as an experimental film, a minor masterpiece.

The movie has no plot, no relatable characters, no beginning or end. It is a series of events involving the final moments of people's lives. Each individual has reached the nadir of their miserable existence and suicide or murder is the final solution to their despair. These events are inter-cut with the appearance of the Death King filmed in high-speed decay accompanied with Daktari Lorenz and John Roy Walton's staggering music.

Although the prospect of viewing such a film seems daunting it is surprisingly watchable. From the opening credit sequence as a naked man in foetal repose floats down a black screen to the final segment as a desperate character literally beats his brains out against a wall. Of course there are one or two longeurs such as the sequence with the bridge. Interesting, but too long. At one showing members of the audience walked out at this point believing the names appearing on screen were the final credits. In fact they are the names of people who have thrown themselves to their deaths from the bridge. A sort of cinematic obituary.

One noteworthy point is the camera technique adopted in the film giving evidence that it is truly experimental. The opening sequence involves a single rotating shot within a room yet it depicts various times of the day (filmed in a single take). The

Incredible rapid decay gives Peter Greenaway a run for his money. A man pours his heart out to a stranger in the park, as he admits to his failed sexual relationship with his wife the film appears to breakdown, lose synchronization with the projector, but it is simply a classy method of emphasizing the mass inability. An impressive approach. Reverse photography is also used in the final section as the horrors of suicidal isolation are shown in graphic detail.

DER TODESKING contains several subtle references to films that have offered inspiration to Buttgenelt: Taxi Driver, Videodrome, Ms. 45, A Zed and Two Naughts, although the reference to Greenaway's film is far from subtle. It shows what Greenaway didn't dare.

As a whole DER TODESKING is a remarkable piece of work. It shows Buttgenelt to be a determined, libertarian director comparable to Cronenberg in his early years. To be producing such distinctive work at this early stage of his career is evidence enough that he is going a long way. Lets just hope that he continues along the creative path for some time before being drawn into the high finance world of mainstream movie making. As we go to press *MECHRONANTIK 2* is in its final stages of production.

After suggesting to Buttgenelt the potential of releasing *DER TODESKING* officially on video in the UK we discussed the viability of such a venture. The first point we realised was that such a project was not cheap and there was certainly no guarantee of recouping ones initial outlay but still we decided to go ahead.

The film was submitted to the BBFC in September 90 and we waited anxiously for word from the board. The weeks passed without any notification and enquiries were answered with, "The film is to be viewed shortly."

The situation was becoming awkward, we were desperate to advertise the movie but didn't want to incur any additional expense if the film were to be rejected. Eventually our requests were met with a positive reaction. "The film has been viewed and we see no problem with certification, having said that there were no women in the viewing room so a further showing has to take place."

Once again we waited, puzzled as to what was going on with the film. A week later we received a phone call from the BBFC.

"Its about the film *DER TODESKING*, well there is a slight problem." We couldn't believe it, within one week it had transformed from OK status to PROBLEM mode. Attempting to keep a sense of decorum I argued the films merits and the directors credibility.

"Has he made any other films?" she

asked.

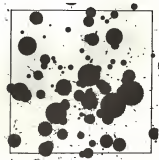
"One or two, but nothing of any significance." I answered deliberately skirting the mention of *MECHRONANTIK*. Surely if they knew of that title *DER TODESKING* would be found guilty by association. (We were informed at a later date that this connection had already been made.) The conversation continued and I began to wonder whether my attempts to exonerate the film were making matters worse. The official wound up the conversation with,

"It's a very difficult film so the decision will have to be finalised by James Farness." In the hope of forestalling any rash judgement by the director of the BBFC himself a letter was quickly compiled and faxed to Guy Phelps, the principal examiner, the following morning. Amazingly we received a letter by return post confirming the fact that *DER TODESKING* had now been passed as submitted. No cuts were requested.

On viewing the film it is quite evident why it developed such problems. It is so harrowing and down beat throughout that there is no room for the censoring of individual scenes. To cut a bit here and snip a bit there wouldn't make any difference to the films general intensity.

The fact that the film was eventually given a certificate demonstrates that the BBFC are approachable. They do listen to reason. Of course they also agree as all with some of their attitudes towards particular movies but then what kind of defence do the distributors themselves put up for the films in question?

Validation worked for *DER TODESKING*, possibly the most controversial film to receive a certificate since the rehabilitation of the video industry.



TALES OF SADO-MASOCHISM:**AN INTERVIEW WITH DEBORAH RYDER****DAVID FLINT**

Sado-masochism remains one of the great sexual taboos of modern society. Despite the high profile of fetish-fashion magazine *SKIN TWO*, and recent features on intellectual TV shows such as *THE LATE SHOW*, the pleasure/pain concept remains firmly beyond the comprehension of most people. Publishing such material in Britain is fraught with danger – as *HEADPRESS* nears publication, Isle of Wight based magazine *PLEASUREBOUND* is embroiled in an obscenity trial, the outcome of which could have serious implications for other, similarly orientated works. These include the output of Ryder Publishing, who produce small but sleazy books that glory in the subjugation and abuse of women. Strangely enough, the writer and publisher behind the company is a woman, Deborah Ryder. *HEADPRESS* sought her out, in order to find out why she does what she does....



HEADPRESS: Now, and when, did you first develop an interest in SM?

DEBORAH RYDER: How the interest first developed is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered. Every orthodox psychologist from Freud onwards has ducked that problem, although several have noted

that people who have unusual sexual interests are likely to be of above average intelligence. There is an old theory that inclinations are formed by outside events during early life; in fact, childhood experiences seem to have little relevance. Corporal punishment, for instance, has declined, whilst the numbers of sadists and masochists increase – though it may be more accurate to say that the number of sadists and masochists prepared to acknowledge their inclinations has increased.

W: So you haven't been influenced by childhood obsession?

DR: The only childhood factor which may be relevant in my own case – so it probably applies to many other people – is that my parents never punished me because they didn't care what I did. Although I had all the material possessions that I wanted – enough to arouse the envy of my schoolfriends – I saw that more stable families insisted on certain standards of behaviour and punished flagrant transgressions. Perhaps I subconsciously associated punishment with caring. I am aware that I have always had an obsessive need for security, for this doesn't explain the sexual arousal caused by humiliation; in most cases this is far more important than pain.

H: So what's your theory?

DR: I believe that our enjoyment is triggered in this way because of some individual connections in our brains, some mysterious neurons which make these people called sado-masochists find their delight in the infliction and/or receiving of pain and humiliation...in a sexual context – that proviso is all-important.

W: This may be a difficult one to answer...but can you explain just what it is that makes SM so pleasurable?

DR: It sure is difficult! Without SM, a relationship would be of no interest to me. Why? because that's the way I am. A gay person would not be interested in a heterosexual relationship; an SM person would not be interested in a straight relationship. It's not a question of opting-out, handing over responsibility for one's life, because no-one can take responsibility for another person to that extent.

W: It's a large step from private pleasure to public business though...what inspired you to start publishing SM 'porn'?

DR: I am a writer; my sexual preference is masochism. I write books about sado-masochism because I enjoy doing it and writing about it, and because my readers enjoy reading

about it. I have to publish it myself because the established porn-publishers told me that my work was too far-out. Too hot to handle!

Ms: Britain being the way it is, it'd imagine that there are numerous problems involved in producing your work. Have you ever had any run-ins with our assorted moral guardians?

DR: When I started Ryder Publishing, I was advised to run it as a book-club, because there are fewer restrictions on material circulated within a private club and which are not on general sale. Members sign a form to join the club, certifying that they are over eighteen & that the material is for their personal use only, and pay a small fee which covers subsequent catalogues sent to them. I haven't yet had any hassle...no doubt this will come as the business expands.

Ms: How about printers? Any refuse to handle your stuff?

DR: Ryder books are typed on a word processor and photocopied. I've never contemplated using a printer, even if one would agree to such work. There would be pressures on him which would, at the very least, increase costs. I haven't time to be bothered with that. Admittedly, the present system has its limitations. No glossy full-colour illustrations, for instance. But the all-important point is that it works.



Ms: As a woman working in the pornography field, you must have received a fair degree of abuse from feminists who feel that you are in some way 'letting the side down'.



particularly as your work contains a lot of violence towards women...

DR: The orthodox anti-porn campaigners, motivated by religion and/or politics, have found common cause with a certain type of feminist, those who rigidly follow the dogma that pornography represents men exploiting women. Feminists have bound themselves into a strait-jacket of their own party-line orthodoxy which has become more restrictive than a Victorian whalebone corset. They insist on perpetuating the outdated view of women as victims - I've been called a traitor to my sex because I am a masochist - and these 'feminists' are in effect attempting to hold back true liberation because as admission that women are no longer oppressed would destroy their own raison d'être. Women producing pornography threaten the old-fashioned - but still highly vocal - feminism because female pornographers are more liberated than any feminist could contemplate - or would dare to contemplate.

Hi: A lot of people seem to use the feminist label to hide their puritanical beliefs...it has more 'attract cred' than old-fashioned Whitehouse style prudishness....

DR: It has been suggested that feminism is as obsolete as communism & fascism, and no amount of re-thinking could breathe life back into the cadaver. But it still has many supporters, so perhaps we should examine more closely the motivations of its automaton-like fanatics. The one most obvious factor is all life-denying theology is fear. Fear of the deity or system of belief that they see as their enemy. Feminists fear men. Naturally they deny this thing which they vituperatively label pornography because it represents men and women achieving intense pleasure by whatever mode of interaction appeals to them.

Another potent factor is envy. Trapped in their own drabness, feminists envy those who have the courage to enjoy life.

Of course there are commercial interests in all forms of sexual behaviour. There is exploitation. There would be far less of these drawbacks in a free society where sex could be openly acknowledged instead of being forced to operate in the limbo-land of public approbrium and legal restrictions.

Hi: The most often heard complaint against violent porn is that it causes rape. What do you think?

DR: One word answer: No. Explicit pornography has never been proved to be harmful; quite the reverse, in fact. That is the conclusion of every major investigation. Home Office committees and other enquiries. The human situation is that everyone needs a retreat into fantasy; this safety valve makes him/her more competent in the real world & drastically reduces the chances that he - or she - would seek to translate the fantasy into reality.

We hear of the criminal who pleads "pornography drove me to it". He has been caught. His advisers are seeking to mitigate his sentence. Offer the establishment a different target - a target they are delighted to attack - & reduce the offenders culpability at the same time. Neither the accusers nor the accused enquire into the validity of the excuse because neither wants its fallacy exposed. If a person is going to rape or kill, the problem was in his head long before he read a book or saw a video.

Hi: The Home Secretary recently stated that he would like to make the possession of material dealing with bondage, DR and other perversions an offence. Aside from the fact that such a law would be almost impossible to define properly, how would it affect Ryder Publishing?

DR: Book-burning only takes place in repressive regimes. And Britain is one of the most repressive regimes in the world - with a very clever superficiality of "freedom" to con the masses. It could happen here, though I think the closer links with the more freedom-conscious countries of Europe will make it more difficult. If things become too difficult, Ryder Publishing would transfer abroad. Naturally, we have made contingency plans; I hope they won't have to be put into effect.

Hi: I hope so too...to completely change the subject: what kind of readership do you have?

DR: I have no idea. All I know are names and addresses. I receive some letters, but this couldn't be said to be a representative selection. Inevitably, men outnumber women, but I don't think any other conclusions can be drawn.

Hi: I noticed in your catalogue that you'll turn readers' own fantasies into stories...what sort of things are suggested?

DR: So far, I have been able to reply to almost all suggestions that the plot is already covered in one or more of our books. A one line idea "a girl who can't pay her



rent" triggered a very successful series of books...sequels simply relate to the same characters. They are complete stories and don't have to be read in conjunction with earlier books. There doesn't seem to be any general trend or most popular theme in the suggestions.

H: To what extent do the activities in the books reflect your own experiences? Do you create fantasy scenarios based upon

humiliation, perhaps even more intense because there are no threats, coercion or blackmail. The coercion is in the slaves' own natures. The only threat which the Master need ever use is to free a slave. And a successful sado-masochistic relationship has to contain a greater element of trust than any other form of human association.

H: Do you enjoy SM films...and would you ever consider making one?

DR: I prefer the products of my imagination to those of others. I would like to be involved in video-production, primarily as script-writer, but this would involve greater financial resources and different types of expertise.

H: How much, if at all, have high profile publications like *SKIN TWO* helped bring SM people 'out of the closet'? Do you think it'll ever reach a stage where it's no longer seen as a sick perversion by most of the public?

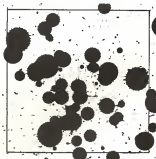
DR: Probably not. Ordinary people are not capable of comprehending such refinements. As I have quoted before, "It is far too good for them". *SKIN TWO* and other mags are doing a fantastic job, but I see their importance in being effective voices against censorship. We do not need hard-approval for activities which are carried out in private.

Ryder Publishing can be contacted at:
BCM Box 3406, London, WC1N 3XX, England.



reality...or do the fictional activities in the books inspire you to act out similar situations in real life?

DR: The books are entirely fictional. Fantasies have no resemblance to real life. Whatever props and costumes are used, the participants know that afterwards they are going home to tea, or to the office in the morning. Of course, fantasies focus on the compulsion aspect and this may be a major reason for our "bad press". In real life, the Master's power is based solely on the needs and desires of his slaves, as some of them are aware; though that power is real and can force them to extremes of pain and



HANUMAN BOOKS

CATHAL TOHILL

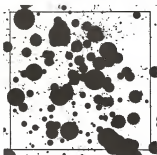
Hanuman, those eclectic and eccentric New York publishers have quite a few books in their latest catalogue which are essential reading for sleaze fans and savourers of the unusual and bizarre. These little 3 x 4 inch publications are treated like novelty items in the United States, and with their quaint colours and small format, they look more like Indian prayerbooks than radical texts. Most of the items they publish are too short, too off-the-wall or too explosive to be touched by a major publishing house, who else would publish the religious rants and speeches of Bob Dylan or Richard Hell's diary? Both are proof that truth sure is stranger than fiction...with one tirelessly growling on about armageddon and the other about being an artist! Moo boy. The real meat in the Hanuman catalogue for the modern surveyor of the social scene are the books by Cookie Mueller, Jack Smith and Taylor Mead.

Cookie Mueller had a few roles in those early taste trashing John Waters films and like the great director himself, is even funnier, succinct and goddam brilliant in print than on celluloid. Anyone who has sampled and loved *WALKING THROUGH A CLEAR POOL* (Sensitexts Books) will know that Cookie was one of the few writers in the U.S. with balls, brains, talent and a dry sense of humour. Now that she's gone, any morsel of writing by her that surfaces has got to be welcomed - there's so little around these days with any class at all that her talent seems even greater.

GARDEN OF ASHES is a prime slab of Cookie. Not just because the writing's better, no sir - Cookie is always good. It's just that *GARDEN OF ASHES* has a short neat piece about that other heart-throb, Edith Massey, 'the Egg Woman'. There's also some short stuff about what it was like working, meeting and fooling around with the great J.W....an essential read.

While Kenneth Anger and John Waters have become household names, other underground film-makers who followed similar trajectories have languished in almost total obscurity. Ari Roussoff's *SHADOWS IN THE CITY* might have zoomed Jack Smith a little closer to the fame he deserved, but he died with the film unfinished. Like Anger and Waters, he was enthralled by the charm of old movies, and championed Maria Montez while everyone else waffled about the glamour of Jane Fonda, Faye Dunaway, etc. His short essay about the magic of thirties and forties baroque Hollywood cinema is contained in *FLAMING CREATURES* and is a must for anyone who wants to do more than mumble claptrap about the trash aesthetic. A pioneering and ambiguous piece.

Devotees of the Marhol films will be interested to read Taylor Mead's *SON OF ANDY WARHOL*. It's full of snippets from his fairly poverty stricken life, mixed with jottings, reminiscences and anecdotes...an interesting companion piece to Herbert Ruske's *GUILTY OF EVERYTHING*, also available from Hanuman Books.



APOCALYPSE CULTURED

DAVID KERESKES

When it came, it all came as a breath of fresh air. All that mass delirium, all those unrepentant necrophiles - where had this aesthetic terrorism been hiding all these years? Why had no one thought of bringing black messiahs and schizophrenic responses together before? It didn't matter, it was here now in *APOCALYPSE CULTURE* - a tome of all things 'weird.'

APOCALYPSE CULTURE (Anok Press) reads like a psychotic Readers Digest. It covers all manner of 'weird' things - the annotations for a diseased world. But this modest little handbook is no longer the only choice for a daunting good read. As well as 1987 being the year of *APOCALYPSE CULTURE*'s first printing, it seems that this was also the year in which everybody else seemed to discover peculiarities in culture, too. Since 1987, a whole new generation of libertine writing has taken to the streets, with the market enjoying a surge with such titles as *TORTURES & TORMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS*, *MODERN PRIMITIVES*, *FRANKS!*, *THE NIMSON FILE*, *RANTS & INCENDIARY*

TRACTS and so on.

Subversive, nihilistic, blasphemous, apocalyptic, crank, revolutionary, revelatory, call these books what you will - time has come indeed to peel back the covers and ask: has the age of reason come to an end, or is about to begin?

Blast Books, Pencil House, Re/Search, and Loompanics Unlimited are some of the organizations that carry or publish all manner of shocking, intriguing or mesmerizing literature. And FRANKS! (Re/Search) is an example of what these apocalypses do best. Here, essays, exhortations and ideas have been collected, a common theme established and the whole lot put onto the market under an arbitrary title - in this case, FRANKS! But FRANKS! is a good read and it isn't murder, so you could do a lot worse than to own a copy.

Keep an eye on those names which appear in FRANKS! Many of the authors and subjects are to turn up again and again in the apocalypse landscape. This said however, RANTS & INCENDIARY TRACTS (Anok Press & Loompanics Unlimited) has the sub-heading of 'Voices of Desperate Illumination 1558 to Present' so you can imagine that many of these names weren't around when a lot of this stuff was written. If you're simply looking toward compiling a list of the most apocalyptic authors in any one book, you'd be as well to give RANTS a miss. If on the other hand you are after essays by such figures as Valerie Solanas on her S.C.U.M. Manifesto ('The Society for Cutting Up Men'), then you're in for a real treat.

But if there isn't much time to go reading essays, and if it's a crash course you're after, you could really do no better than to pick up one of two sourcebooks - whole catalogues crammed full of apocalypse reading matter - with enough photos, illustrations and text themselves to warrant reading the books they advertise pretty much unnecessary. ANOK's FOURTH DISPATCH is one such sourcebook.

FOURTH DISPATCH is over 300 pages of 'Extremes of Information in Print' and lists countless books and magazines you've never heard of let alone seen, on all manner of twisted subjects. Alongside the medical textbooks of say, AMPUTATION SURGERY AND LOWER LIMB PROSTHETICS OR FEMALE GENITAL MUTILATION - A BIELIDOGRAPHY, so too can be found the PHOTOGRAPHS OF WAR RAY and RAY-CATCHING. The section of pulp fiction might be close 100 pages long and a bit much for some, but there's enough of the other warped stuff to keep most everyone happy.

The other apocalypse sourcebook is the self-proclaimed 'Best Book Catalogue in The



World.' While LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED's MAIN CATALOGUE may not be quite as daunting in size as FOURTH DISPATCH - it runs in at a mere 200+ pages - it does have a certain political anarchism all of its own. Need to know HOW TO INVESTIGATE YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES, for instance? Or GETTING STARTED IN THE ILLICIT DRUG BUSINESS, perhaps? Then Loompanics Unlimited have it. Yes, THE OFFICIAL VIETNAM WAR TRIVIA BOOK, the desolating HOW TO KILL series, the incredible IF WE CAN KEEP A HUMAN HEAD ALIVE...they're all here!

Loompanics' MAIN CATALOGUE (a personal favourite) and ANOK's FOURTH DISPATCH are essential bedmates. If that slice of arcane literature or aberration cannot be found between the two, then chances are it doesn't exist.

What with APOCALYPSE CULTURE long since sold out of its third printing, and now available in a new updated and expanded format; with apocalypse manifestos seemingly sprouting up all over the place; with mass murderers suddenly being attributed with a certain reverence by a growing number of people, it may be that yes, the world has finally plunged over the precipice into madness. But a madness of whose making? Is the world really caught within the grip of mass delirium, or is it the subject of a strange new melody attributable to a few enterprising publishing houses? Without doubt, the last four or five years since APOCALYPSE CULTURE has seen an explosion of similar-minded literature, yet this new thinking seems to be already chasing its own



HOME WORKSHOP EXPLOSIVES

by Uncle Fester

Home Workshop Explosives is a guide to making demolition-strength explosives. It contains detailed, illustrated instructions for fairly simple procedures using readily available materials and supplies.

The explosives in this book are not the weak kind used in rock quarries. Rather, they are powerful mixtures with dramatic explosive properties. Explosives covered include:

- * Nitroglycenn
- * Nitroglycol
- * Nitromannitol
- * PETN
- * RDX (cyclotol)

Written by the amazing underground chemist Uncle Fester (author of *Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture and Silent Death*), *Home Workshop Explosives* also covers the main ingredients for most of these explosives: nitric acid and sulphuric acid. It includes a chapter on detonation systems, and detailed safety instructions.

Powerful explosives cannot be purchased without a well-documented need. But they can be made at home. We must warn you that *Home Workshop Explosives* is sold for informational purposes only.

1986, \$5 x \$5, 126 pp, illustrated, soft cover.
HOME WORKSHOP
EXPLOSIVES \$12.95
(ORDER NUMBER 33943)

tell. After all, aren't those doctrines which went to make APOCALYPSE CULTURE, and those names which featured in FRANKS! turning up time and time again? The world of apocalyptic illumination does indeed appear to be a closed shop, the inside of which is full of repeated essays on a theme, and interviews with the same outrageous artists and personalities. All of this can lend itself to the conclusion that the world is not in fact caught in the grip of some mass delirium, it hasn't gone insane or fostered over some precipice; no, the world of apocalypse culture is gripped quite simply within the world of APOCALYPSE CULTURE.

The apocalypse needs to shake free of itself. If it doesn't and the same 'outrageous' figures keep popping up in new works, then it's safe to say that the essays and ideas that were once so exhaustive, will be familiar enough to be greeted with nothing so exciting as a wry smile of token fondness. All that will be left of interest in the literary landscape, will be a few estranged picturebooks and the clinical earnestness of the sourcebooks. And the apocalypse literature - as its popularity increases and its capacity to challenge dwindles - will find its place not so much a landmark on a psychotic landscape, but more a conversational supplement...for those who like to have friends round for tea and biscuits.

Familiarity doesn't breed contempt, but familiarity. And while it all may seem more of an 'apocalypse then' than an 'apocalypse now' much of this earlier work remains required reading.

APOCALYPSE CULTURE

Editor: Adam Parfrey (Amok Press 1987)
Contact: BLAST BOOKS, PO Box 51, Cooper Station, NY 10276, USA

AMOK: FOURTH DISPATCH

Editors: Brian King & Stuart Szezy (AMOK 1993). Contact: AMOK, PO Box 861857, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, CA 90086-1857, USA

LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED: MAIN CATALOGUE

Michael Hoy, Prop. (Loompanics Unlimited 1990). Contact: LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED, PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368, USA

FRANKS!

Editors: Andres Juno & V.Volo (Re/Search 1987). Contact: RE/SEARCH PUBLICATIONS, 20 Romolo #8, San Francisco, CA 94133, USA - AIRLIFT, 26 Eden Grove, London, N7 5EL, UK

RANTS & INCENDIARY TRACTS

Editors: Bob Black & Adam Parfrey (Amok Press & Loompanics Unlimited 1989). Contact: BLAST BOOKS, PO Box 51, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, USA

SPOOFS, PRANKS AND CAPERS - MAKING WORKING LIFE A PLEASURE**DAVID SLATER**

A line to five job can be a pretty devastating experience. It can act like a leech on the soul, sucking out the lust for life and leaving one like heads of livestock caught in an intensive farming environment. The tragedy is that very few people actually enjoy what they are doing and become committed to the drudgery through financial necessity. Another week, another fix. Being caught in hi-tech confines, and going through a repetitive routine that only an automaton could or should cope with, a sense of humor is essential for psychological survival. Never take your job too seriously, retirement from life comes around too quick.

I took great delight in securing the engineering magazines for photographs or ads that could be doctored to my own ends. These modified accounts would then be photocopied and subtly distributed around the factory. The most successful was the PEEK-A-LOO which employees actually believed and some threatened union action. I would walk into an area with a copy of the document and fake some measurements. Someone was guaranteed to ask what I was doing and I would answer, "Measuring up an area for installing this new equipment next week." I walk away and leave them reading the document. The catalyst was set and rumors spread. P.L.P's wasn't really wild enough, and I felt I didn't emphasize the fact that once you are in the pod you cannot get out unless your supervisor lets you. To counter this rather tame prank I went somewhat silly with the banyan suit. It even had a recognizable face peeking out.

Other non-surviving spoofs were a bio-mechanical brain transplant special offer; the discovery of a Masonic offshoot Secret Society conducting bizarre rites within the factory; a redundancy situation caused by the introduction of dehydrated workers bought in sacks and added to water in large developing vats; the removal of all seats from canteens and introduction of canvas buckets that individual diners are placed in a winged to the ceiling in order to create more room; the astonishing carpet-shoe where all employees are supplied with special shoes which have a square foot of carpet tile fixed to the sole - this eliminates the expense of carpeting vast areas of office flooring; the remarkable soccer safety helmet which consisted of a standard safety helmet with the lid of a bird attached to the top. It was claimed to be an ultra-sonic device that would activate a bleeper should your head be about to collide with something (someone actually tried the helmet out!)

Of course it would be the illustrations that made the prank believable but in some cases, as with the carpet-shoe and the safety helmet, these items could easily be made and offered as proof that this was genuine.

INNOVATIVE PEEK-A-LOO CUTS TOILET TIMEWASTERS

As a further step to reduce wasted time the company is to introduce the new style Latrine Booth. The traditional toilets will be gradually replaced by single booths (2 per bay) over the next six months in an effort to reduce the number of people spending too much unnecessary time in the toilets. It is estimated that \$300,000 p.a. is lost due to individuals using the privacy of a cubicle as a means of dodging work. The introduction of the "PEEK-A-LOO" will now make that impossible as the appropriate supervisor can observe the person using the latrine. This system has been on trial in several companies in Holland and has proved extremely successful (production has increased by .35%).

**THE PEEK-A-LOO**

The photograph shows a typical PEEK-A-LOO in use. The window is actually a one way mirror so the occupant, unable to see out, is not embarrassed by any observers. The installation of the units should coincide with the introduction of the new security card system. This scheme will provide all employees with a card similar to those used in a cash dispenser. The card will be needed to gain access the latrines and will activate an overhead illuminated sign that will inform other potential users that the booth is engaged. For supervisory purposes the occupants name will also be displayed.

P.L.P'S

Due to the massive cost of clean-room construction an idea first developed in the United States is to be introduced to the

factory. The term P.I.P. may be unfamiliar to most of you but it is simply an abbreviation of Personnel Isolation Pod. These are perspex domes that enclose the operator and produce an ultra-clean environment in which the individual works. This eliminates the need to filter and monitor thousands of cubic metres of air as in traditional clean-rooms. Expenditure can be reduced by as much as 80%.



The clear domes or pods are fixed via an automatic hinging system over each employee's work area. At the start of the shift the domes will be lowered and secured over the operators and filtered air will be pumped into the pod. Automatic conveyor belts will transport the slices and components in sealed containers to each pod. These will be drawn into the pod through a small air-lock and the appropriate work can be carried out before replacing in the container and back onto the belt. The domes will be on a time-lock which will be set to release for the individual coffee and lunch breaks of each employee. An alarm is situated in each dome in the event of an emergency. When pressed it will summon the supervisor who will, if it proves necessary, override the time-lock and release the operator. The photograph shows a plant in California being operated with the PIPs in full use. Note the pod that is open with the operator sitting in place ready to

start her shift. The dome will automatically close when her start time is reached and re-open at the time pre-set by her supervisor. This will mean that good timekeeping is essential as failure to be in ones workplace at PCT (Pod Closing Time) could result in severe workflow disruption.

Over the next few months several PIPs will be incorporated into the working environment and the results will be monitored.

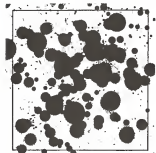
JAPANESE BREAKTHROUGH IN CLEAN-ROOM CLOTHING

The Japanese have created another milestone along the road to industrial perfection. Teets have proved that a sense of humour is essential in today's hi-tech environments. Years of intense development have produced the latest wearer-friendly clean area clothing. Their new design incorporates cleanliness and comfort with a dash of humour thereby giving the employees a relaxing and comical feel to everyday work (thus increasing output).



The suits are manufactured from a special reticulating fibre that will trap the tiniest particles via an electro-static charge. At the end of each shift the suits are placed on special hangers which pass a low voltage current through the garments and reverse the static charge. This allows all the dust particles to fall free. Once the

suit is lifted from the hanger the retaining charge is re-applied. This offers the advantage of wearing the suit anywhere in the factory and eliminates the need to change into "funnel suits" when entering vital areas. The introduction of the new suits will begin in the New Year. If the exercise proves to be a success then all employees will be issued with two personal clean-suits. Depending on the popularity of the new style clothing the manufacturers plan to issue a variation on the "bunny" theme. A wide choice of animal caricature suits would make everyone's working life a pleasure.



DEATH OF AN ASSHOLE

DAVID FLINT

"It's the Pope's sister boy's Italian asshole he's got his tongue attached to - but who the fuck are you?

While many albums these days come complete with "warning" labels to prepare you for the "explicit" lyrics of the songs therein, few really need them. Emilio Cabelro's **DEATH OF AN ASSHOLE** doesn't have a warning, simply a note that the record is "Rated XXX - Not for sale to persons under 18 years of age".

This spoken word album, on Lydia Lunch's widowpeak label, was my first encounter with Emilio Cabelro, and I was a little unsure about what to expect. The LP opens with **GERM**, which is unlike the rest of the album, as it throbs to a rhythmic backing track by Michael Hrynsk, while Cabelro almost chants the slowly developing story of an altar boy being ass-fucked by the Pope. For "germ", read AIDS - "the germ that kills the living in sin". It's a startling opening, already violating certain codes of taste with its depiction of a disease-ridden pedosexual Pope.

The next track, **THIS GUY KNOWS HIS MEAT** is in three parts. The first, and briefest, has a butcher fondling and slicing meat in a vaguely sexual manner. Nothing too shocking there. The second section, however, takes a headlong plunge into the unmentionable. Cabelro describes how he spied on a couple having sex in the bushes. The man is about forty, the girl about six. "It could've been his daughter...it could've been your sister". This in itself is shocking enough, but Cabelro further shatters the taboo by not only commenting on this in a matter-of-fact, almost laconic manner, but also by asking the girl the sexual aggressor - "Daddy, I want more". Roy Nathanson's discordant saxophone is the background adds to the almost nightmarish quality of the description. This isn't Cabelro getting his kicks from paedophile fantasies - rather, he realises that the best way to deal with this subject is to disregard the hysteria that normally surrounds it. Life is full of things that we don't want to know about, but only through confronting them can we ever understand them. As David Wojnarowicz's astonishing sleeve notes comment, the track "made me want to puke while I was listening to it late one night...I had memory flashbacks of being raped by a 42nd street drug dealer when I was nine years old...".

The final part of **THIS GUY KNOWS HIS MEAT** is a graphic account of Cabelro having his asshole licked out, while immortalizing the experience in print and on vinyl: "you'll be eating my ass out even after we die".

MR. OFFICER SIRS has Cabelro stopped on the street by a cop straight out of Mick Zed's **POLICE STATE**, who becomes excited when he finds a bottle of Ayi Altrate in his pocket - "because this fucker was one of those bi-sexual cops". As Cabelro gets an involuntary erection, the cop stuffs his fingers, then his cock, up his ass. While the cop cusses, Cabelro pretends to have enjoyed the experience, then grabs his gun and blows his rapist's brains out. The piece is delivered in a fast, breathless manner and is more or less guaranteed to offend those who refuse to see police officers as anything other than fine, upstanding moral guardians.

RESPECT IS GREY abandons the sexual taboos, to offer a bitter reflection on the chasm between the rich and the poor in American cities. And it's this theme which dominates the remainder of the album. Aside from a glowing tribute to the asshole as an object of worship in the title track, the rest of side two angrily reflects on social injustice. **MEAT FOR THE MASSES** opens with the sound of an angry crowd demonstrating, while Cabelro addresses them over the loud speaker. The message isn't overly subversive: "Feed the hungry. They don't want bread...they don't want cake...they want meat". That makes perfect sense to me, and one of the most

disturbing aspects of the album is the realization that many people would condemn Cubero for making such statements. They'd be even more outraged by his later comments, in which he literally advocates killing and eating the rich. Lydia Lunch makes a guest appearance during a mock trial sequence in the track.

"How does the jury find the defendants George Bush and Maggie Thatcher?"

"We the jury find them guilty"

"How do you find the defendants Donald Trump and Jacqueline Onassis?"

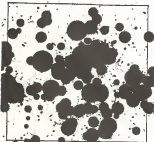
"Those Motherfuckers are guilty!"

Cubero, of course, is innocent. It sounds pretty clichéd, and it probably is...but it works, nevertheless, if only as wish-fulfillment. What's more, it's always reassuring to hear such Vile Comile Propaganda coming out of America.

The social comment continues in **THE MEAT AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW**, the 'Meat' in question being the unattainable prize that inspires greed and hatred. Meat plays a major part in Cubero's work, often acting as a metaphor for the decay of modern society, and never more than on this track.

The final track, **IT'S ALL DESERT NOW** is a more reflective, restrained piece, complemented perfectly by J.G. Thirlwell's haunting musical backing. It's the perfect close to the album, reiterating the themes explored, and offering no solution, hope or comfort to the listener.

DEATH OF AN ASSHOLE isn't to everybody's taste. It's very much a two sided work, with the explicit, provocative and often shocking sexual probing of side one clashing with the political themes of side two. However, the two diverse subjects lie side by side quite comfortably...and **DEATH OF AN ASSHOLE** is a rewarding and thought-provoking experience.



SUNDAY LUNCH WITH SATAN

DAVID SLATER

Social Workers and Inquisitors have suddenly become synonymous. As they scour the country with their crusade against apparent widespread Satanism the general public sit back gob smacked as they discover that whole towns, whole islands, are riddled with Devil worshipping child molesters. Experts push hysteria to the limits as they use specially adopted techniques in tracking down the perpetrators of this infernal activity.

As scandalous as it may seem "Mr. & Mrs. Jones" do not go late night shopping on a Wednesday night but actually dance and cavort naked around bonfires and tombstones. Evidence? Well, Jones Junior wrote in his "what I Did This Weekend" essay at school "My dad is black and flaky and nice...." Whoa! read no further, Black cat! Indeed, what evil perversities has this poor child been subjected to? These words alone are enough justification for a military-style pre-dawn raid on the Jones household.

So, before the sun has risen, the toddlers are dragged from their beds, thrown into a dark van with smiling strangers offering cuddly toys, and driven to some sinister lock-up where they are interrogated and physically examined. All for their own good mind you.

"Come on Tommy, don't cry, just a few questions then you can have some sweets. Yes Yes, big juicy Jelly Babies. Now, does this cat of yours speak? Has your mum got three nipples? Have you ever eaten human testicles? Did a chap called Benzebab ever come round for Sunday lunch? What about your dad, does he search round the house with no clothes on, chasing and carrying a burning torch?...Come on you little brat stop snivelling and answer the damn questions....Well! Yes that a job or did the kid say, Yes? My god I think he said yes! Do you realize that that little insignificant utterance could save the whole town from this evil infestation of Satanite Hellspawn ritual abusers. Well done Tommy, here's your Jelly Babies..... Okay Tommy, we march on Rochdale tomorrow."

Such are our moral savlours.



THE HEADPRESS GUIDE TO ESSENTIAL MODERN CULTURE

DAVID FLINT

There are only so many hours in a day, and only so many pages in a magazine, and it's impossible to give intensive coverage to everything. The HEADPRESS guidelines are an instant reference to the best items currently on offer.....

MAGAZINES: **SKIN TWO** is Britain's ultimate fetish fashion publication. Leather and rubber outfits compete with features on various aspects of SM in a mag so slick that you can read it in public without fear of embarrassment or condemnation. Four issue subscriptions cost £25, from BCM Box 2071, London WC1N 3XX. **ADULT VIDEO NEWS** is the trade zine of the US hard-core film industry. Crammed with full page colour ads for the latest productions, hundreds of reviews, and up to the minute news on the straight, gay and bisexual porn scene, it's pretty essential stuff. Subs are \$48 per year, from 8600 West Chester Pike, Suite 300, Upper Merion, PA 19002, USA. **NAKEDI SCREAMING! TERROR!** deals in assorted celluloid debris...the latest issue offers a beginners guide to the wild world of oriental horror and exploitation, and we're graced an interview with Russ Meyer in the next. \$4 from Krenos Publications, PO Box 67, Oberlin, Ohio 44074-0067, USA. **HORROR PICTURES COLLECTION**, as the title suggests, is a photo-zine devoted to various horror film directors. The most recent covers the work of Italian genius Mario Bava, and is packed with rare stills. No price, so contact Gerard Noel, 90 Rue Genchi, 4600 Cahors, France. Also from France, and in a similar vein, is **FANTASY FILM MEMORY**, which in its second issue examines the work of Lucio Fulci, and as you might expect, has plenty of gory illustrations. £5 from 21-23 Rue Victor Hugo, 94700 Maisons-Alfort, France. **GOOD** is a frantic mixture of cut-up artwork, cultural oddities and big boob fetishism. Strange, but it makes its own kind of sense. Write to Oddone Ricci, C.P. 1045, Bologna Centro, Italy for details. **NORMA K.** is dedicated to everyone's favourite ex-porn star, Traci Lords. Her current 'respectable' career is plotted, and her earlier works are reviewed. If you've wondered what all the fuss is about, this might be a good place to start looking. £1 from 118 High Street, Eastleigh, Hants SO5 5LR. **BOOK OF THE DEAD** is a continuing guide to living dead movies. Number 2 is the French/German issue and is packed with information about movies that you didn't even know existed. Wonderful stuff. 60p from Simon Smith, 16 Wivelsfield Rd, Selby, Doncaster, South Yorkshire DN4 0UR. For those of you with an insatiable desire for small press publications, **FACTSHEET FIVE** is worth its weight in gold, with 134 pages covering fanzines, indie music, underground videos and books, and more besides. \$3.50 from Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave,

Recessleer, NY 12144-4502, USA. A few Back Issues of my own **SHEER FILTH** are still available. Issues 4, 7, 8 and 9 can be obtained for £1/\$2 (inc. postage). No. 10 might emerge this Summer, if the Gods wish it. Write to David Flint, 39 Holly Street, Offerton, Stockport, SK1 4DP.

VIDEO: Connoisseur Video are releasing cult movies on a regular basis. Titles include Carmen's **THE INTRUDER**, Godard's **WEEKEND**, a bunch of Pasolini's works, and compilations of shorts by George Kuchar and Peter Greenaway. Mail order details from Connoisseur at Glenbuck House, Glenbuck Road, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6BT. Latest sell-through releases from Palace Video include **SANTA SANGRE** (reviewed elsewhere this issue) and the 60's cult horror film **CARNIVAL OF SOULS**. Both highly recommended. Fans of Coppola's **GOODFATHER** films can now get his massive chronological compilation of the first two instalments as a beautifully packaged 3 tape box set from CIC. CBS/FOX have finally released **THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW**, but the promised 'collectors edition' is so far conspicuous by its absence. **TRANSMISSION FROM GOD** is a 16 minute preview of a documentary on the US underground video scene, interviewing the likes of Richard Kern, Nick Zedd, Art Hounslow, etc. 30 DM/\$10 - on PAL or NTSC - from Artware Entertainment, Tautusstrasse 67-8, 6200 Wiesbaden, Germany.

TV: Channel Four's **BANNED** season was something of a mixed blessing. While it was nice to see **NR: MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM** given an airing, the blurring was a frequent irritant, and the other films shown are all easily accessible on tape anyway. Still, the documentaries were generally good, and CI should at least be congratulated on the idea. If not its execution. **TUTTI FRUTTI** (RTL-) went 30 in March. The method used is a revolutionary new type, with the advantage of giving a better quality picture, even for those watching it 'flat'... which was just as well, as traditional 3D viewers don't work with this system. Guido Crepax's comic book **VALENTINA** is now an Italian TV show, and is available to satellite-compatible viewers in Britain via Germany's SAT 1. The two episodes I've seen are pretty good, stylishly produced with plenty of nudity and violence. Check it out.

TWIN PEAKS: If they have TV in Heaven, then **TWIN PEAKS** will be shown every day. The 'Who Killed Laura Palmer?' mystery has long since been resolved in devastating style, and the show is currently wandering off into other bizarre tangents. Two novels relating to the show are available, **THE SECRET DIARY OF LAURA PALMER** (by Jennifer Lynch) and **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SPECIAL AGENT DALE COOPER** (by Scott Frost) both of which avoid the

usual TV film-is cliches, and actually add to your understanding of the story. Simon & Schuster's audio-book "DEANE..." - THE TWIN PEAKS TAPES OF AGENT COOPER is more gimmicky, with excerpts from the show mixed with new recordings by Kyle MacLachlan. Nicely packaged though, and quite amusing. If the 'Who Killed Laura Palmer' T-shirts were somewhat dull, try the range offered by Custom Screenprinting. You can choose between Laura's Homecoming portrait, her dead body, Audrey Horne or the Log Lady. You have to look at these from a distance to make out what they are. See address later.

MUSIC: As Manchester's music scene appears to be losing its momentum, along comes a band to kick some much needed new life and originality into it. NETHERLEYS have been described as playing 'fuzz pop songs', which sounds about right to me. Their impressive demo tape contains 3 groovy tracks - WHO SAYS I AM, DOG MARDEN and SLOW WOM, that you'll be humming for days after hearing. Catch them live shortly, but in the meantime, contact them at 38 Roswell Ave, Redcliffe, Manchester M20 9JD. Along with HEADPRESS and Joanne Whalley, Stockport's only worthwhile claim to fame are WORLD OF TWIST. Their second single, SONS OF THE STAGE is a throbbing piece of psychedelic delirium - rather like a head-on collision of WANDERING and HAPPY MONDAYS. Can't wait for the album. As I write, the measure belt called the Top Forty has a couple of gems in its midst. JAMES are justifiably riding high with their inspirational track SIT DOWN, and - at the risk of sending David Keirke into an apoplectic spasm - REM's LOSING MY RELIGION is a painfully beautiful confession. OUR FATHERS WHO AREN'T IN HEAVEN is a double album that gives a side look to Don Bajema, Lydia Lunch, Hubert Selby Jr and Henry Rollins to unburden their obsessions. Bajema is quiet and conversational, but comes up with some interesting stuff. Selby has a wavering, nervous voice, but his readings are brilliant. Rollins, recorded live in Europe (as was Selby), milks the audience with genuinely funny stories, and Lydia performs one piece of her own, and one by each of the other three. A great album. See the Widdowespeak address later.

BUTTHOLE SURFING: Remember JOHN E. SMOKE on the HIGHWAY TO STEVEN album and how you'd skip that track? Well, the JOHN E. SMOKE of PLOUGHED is LOWESOME BULLDOG, except LOWESOME BULLDOG seems longer and pops up more often. Other than that, PLOUGHED captures the BUTTHOLE SURFERS on top turning form. You get a limited edition 12" single with it, too. The 12" single has dab versions of HARRY GUNDY MAN on it, and gives some idea of what to expect from THE JACKOFFICERS, who are a mutated strain of Buttholes, and their album DIGITAL DUMP is a mutated form of dance music

- that is, if you dig dance music, you may not dig DIGITAL DUMP. Dance yourself stupid. Both albums are on Rough Trade (Reviewed by David Keirke).

EVENTS: The Festival of Fantastic Films takes place between the 4th and 6th October in Manchester. Guests include AVENGERS creator Brian Klammer, Hammer sex kitten Ingrid Pitt, Tony Tenser (producer of classic films like REPULSION, WITCHFINDER GENERAL and BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW) and - believe it or not - Screening Lord Sutch. Amongst the movies to be screened are rarely seen vintage shockers like the 1925 version of THE LOST WORLD, THE PHANTOM SPEAKS and THE BEAST WITH

Teenage Hoodlums from Another World on a Horrendous Ray-Gun Rampage!



STORY BY DAVID LANE. SCENE ANALYSIS BY HARRY E. SMOKE. SPIN DOCTORS: THE LONDON MEDIA. PRODUCE BY TOP GUNNY - SCREENED BY WINTER 1992

A MILLION EYES. And so if that isn't enough, HEADPRESS are programming All-Night Out Movie screenings, along with a more restrained daytime selection. Among the titles currently being considered are depraved and demented films like Carl Anderson's MONDO WEIRDO, which will leave the uninitiated in a state of total shock; Roger Corman's sold soaked masterpiece THE THIP; the legendary metaphysical splatter film THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE; the breathtaking Japanese underground hit TETSUO, and a host of other outrageous, apocalyptic and just plain strange works of unstable genius. For those who can't face a night of such moral bankruptcy, the daytime selection will offer you the chance to catch up with lost oddities like SUPERMONSTER GANIMA, SPIDER BABY and assorted episodes of SPECTRUMAN. Of course, anything can happen between now and October,

and any films named are subject to change at the whim of the HEADPRESS crew...but you can trust us to come up with an eye-popping selection of limerick goodies for you to feast your jaded peepers on. There'll also be a special HEADPRESS programme especially printed for the event, which will be available nearer the time. For details, don't write to HEADPRESS - send your SAE to 95 Meadowgate Road, Salford, Manchester M6 8EN.

OBSCURE OBJECTS OF DESIRE: T-shirts featuring the face of Charles Manson, complete with glowing eyes, can be obtained from C.O.M. Artists, PO Box 44, State House, Boston, MA 02133, USA, for the bargain price of just \$8. If good old Charlie isn't your choice of chest decor, how about David Lynch's cartoon **THE ANGRIEST DOG IN THE WORLD?** Bearing the caption "The dog who is so angry he cannot move. He cannot eat. He cannot sleep. He can just barely growl...bound so tightly with tension and anger, he approaches the state of rigor mortis", this will be completely

THE ANGRIEST DOG IN THE WORLD



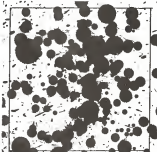
The dog who is so angry he cannot move
he cannot eat. He cannot sleep.
He can just barely growl.
Bound up tightly with tension and anger
he approaches the state of rigor mortis.

Incomprehensible to most people who see you in it. \$12 from Custom Screenprinting, PO Box 481823, Denver, CO 80248, USA. To quote the catalogue, 'Midwispark Productions was established as an outlet for the past and future works of Lydia Lunch and the selected atrocities of others'. As these works are not exactly filling the racks of UK record stores, mail order is essential. Albums, tapes, CDs, books and T-shirts are available from Midwispark Productions, PO Box 1085, Canal St Station, New York NY 10013-1085, USA. **STROLLERS** are a rather tasty new range of confectionery from Cadbury. A selection of toffees, biscuits and raisins covered in chocolate, these are on my shopping list of essential nibbles. Were you lucky enough to keep one of those sticky *Creepy* things from your box of **SUGAR PUFFS** breakfast cereal? The manufacturers recalled all supplies, after realising that kids may devour said monstrosities in the mistaken belief that

they were part of the nutritious delights contained in their -choice- morning meal. Fatality figures are not yet available, but we'll keep you informed of any further developments.

Prices quoted here may not always include postage costs. If writing to another country, always add extra to cover the increased costs. If making general enquiries, always send either SAE or IRC. Make sure you mention HEADPRESS when writing to anyone mentioned in this magazine - they like to know where you found out about them, and it helps us too.

If you think that your artifacts or activities deserve coverage here in the next issue, get in touch - we're waiting to hear from you.



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LAST DETAILS

CRIMES OF THE FUTURE

(1970 colour 65 minutes)
 pr/dlr/screenplay: David Cronenberg
 with: Ronald Hlodzik
 Joe Lidoff
 Tasia Zolty
 Paul Mithelland

DEATH OF AN ASSHOLE

(Widowspeak Records 1989)
 Emilio Cabello

KASSIA, KOMISARIO PALMI

(1961 B/W 99 minutes)
 dir: Matti Kassila
 screenplay: Matti Kassila, Kaarlo Nurvala
 dir ph: Esko Nevalainen
 ed: Ossi Kuusik
 music: Osmo Lindeman
 with: Joel Rinne
 Matti Rasin
 Leo Jokela
 Eilina Salo
 Pentti Siimes
 Sauli Haarla

KOMISARIO PALMIIN EROKOYS

(1960 B/W 109 minutes)
 dir/screenplay: Matti Kassila
 dir ph: Olavi Tuomi
 ed: Elmer Lehti
 music: Osmo Lindeman
 with: Joel Rinne
 Eilina Pohjanpelto
 Matti Rasin
 Leo Muttu
 Leo Jokela
 Eilina Salo
 Matti Oksanen

MACHO SLUTS

(Alyson Publications, Inc 1989)
 Pat Califia

SANTA SANGRE

(1989 colour 123 minutes)
 dir: Alejandro Jodorowsky
 orig story: Alejandro Jodorowsky
 adapted for screen: Roberto Leon
 s/play: Alejandro Jodorowsky, Roberto Leon
 & Claudio Argento
 dir ph: Daniele Nannuzzi
 film ed: Mauro Bonanni
 music: Simon Boswell
 ex pr: Rene Cardona Jr & Angela Leone
 pr: Claudio Argento
 with: Axel Jodorowsky
 Blasie Guerra
 Ray Stockwell
 Thelma Tikou
 Sabrina Deanison
 Allen Jodorowsky
 Pavlos Elasko Tapia
 Teo Jodorowsky
 Ms. De Jesus Arencibia

STEREO

(1969 B/W 65 minutes)
 pr/dlr/screenplay: David Cronenberg
 narrators: Glenn McCauley & Mark Ritts
 with: Ronald Hlodzik
 Iain Elias
 Jack Messinger
 Ariene Hlodzik
 Clara Meyer

TAMMI KERTOMAT, KOMISARIO PALMI

(1962 B/W 100 minutes)
 dir: Matti Kassila
 screenplay: Matti Kassila, Kaarlo Nurvala
 dir ph: Esko Toyril
 ed: Juho Gartz
 music: Osmo Lindeman
 with: Joel Rinne
 Matti Rasin
 Leo Jokela
 Heigo Havela
 Esko Salonen
 Aino Miettinen
 Pentti Siimes

DER TODESKING

(1989 colour 72 minutes)
 dir: Jorg Buttgenolt
 pr: Manfred O. Jellinski
 osmer: Manfred O. Jellinski
 music: Daxel Lorenz & John Bay Walton
 & Hermann Kopp
 ass dir: Franz Rodenkirchen
 with: Hermann Kopp
 Heinrich Ebber
 Michael Krause
 Eva Kurz
 Angelika Hoch

VOKKA, KOMISARIO PALMI

dir: Matti Kassila
 screenplay: Matti Kassila, Georg Korhonen
 dir ph: Esko Nevalainen
 ed: Juho Gartz
 music: Rauno Lehtinen
 with: Joel Rinne
 Leo Jokela
 Matti Rasin
 Anna-Leena Maki-Penttila
 Inge Salla
 Liiga Kovanko
 Viktor Kilmento

ZOMBIE 90: EXTREME PESTILENCE

(1990 colour 75 minutes)
 dir/screenplay/SFX makeup: Andreas Schneid
 dir ph/ed: Steve Aquilinas
 music: Gregg Farker
 Assoc prod: Matthias Kari, Ralf Hess
 prod: The Violent Shitters, Hamburg
 with: Matthias Kari
 Ralf Hess
 Matthias Abbas
 Mero Trinkenau
 Christian Blattes

HEADPRESS

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T SHIRT. Jorg Buttgerreit's **OER TOOTESKING** skeleton motif as drawn by the hands of a child. Great! White on black screenprint. 100% cotton. Size XL only. £8.00 (inc £1.00 p&p UK - inc £3.00 p&p overseas).

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VIDEO. Jorg Buttgerreit's movie **OER TOOTESKING**. Official Release 1B cert. Absolutely Incredible: "...BEG BORROW OR STEAL TO SEE THIS MOVIE..." Samhain, "...IMPRESSIVE...BIZARRER..." The Darkside; "7 SUICIDES ON ONE GREAT KNOCKOUT VIDEO!" Avant; "...IT IMPRESSED ME DEEPLY - SO MUCH SO THAT LONG BEFORE THE END I BEGAN TO DREAD WHAT IT MIGHT SHOW ME..." Ramsey Campbell. Complete with exclusive 'dead person' postcard! PAL VHS English subtitles. £15.00 (inc £1.50 p&p UK - £7.00 p&p overseas).

For a whole list of fab stuff going cheap, send an SAE to the **HEADPRESS** address!

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